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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . . Page 185
HYENAS AND OTHER REPTILES. By Kingsley Martin 187
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic 188
THE COMEDIE FRANCAISE. By Sagittarius . 189
THIS ENGLAND 189
MECHANISING THE SMALL FARM. By F. W. Bateson 190
MONEY TALKS IN WESTERN GERMANY. By Heinrich Fraenkel 190
AMERICAN EDUCATION 191
THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 192
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
  Radio Notes. By William Salter . . . 192
  The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 193
  MacBryde and Colquhoun. By Patrick Heron 193
  Ballet. By Beryl de Zoete 194
  The Theatre. By T. C. Worsley . . . 194
CORRESPONDENCE 195
  From Warwick Edwards; A. J. P. Taylor and others; Victor Purcell; Leo Condon; Arthur
CORRESPONDENCE—*contd.* Page
  H. J. Crick; Howard Pursey; and Reginald Reynolds.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Edward Sackville West 197
REVIEWS:
  Three Foreign Dramatists. By Anthony Curtis 198
  Early India. By H. N. Brailsford . . 198
  News from Nowhere. By R. H. S. Crossman 198
  Eastern Union. By Maurice Edelman . . 199
  Racine. By Martin Turnell 200
  New Novels. By Walter Allen . . . 201
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 202

SIXTEEN OR SIX ?

It is a measure of Mr. Churchill's tactical skill that the latest declaration of the Government's attitude to Western Union should have been given in an exchange of letters between himself and Mr. Attlee. Ever since his fall from office in 1945, Mr. Churchill has been singularly successful in giving the impression to the outside world that he remains, if not the architect, at least the presiding genius of British foreign policy. He clearly hopes to score again. While Mr. Attlee tartly suggests that he is too busy to find time for such "frills," Mr. Churchill supports the French proposal for an Assembly of the Sixteen Nations in the evident anticipation that, under the pressure of American public opinion, and of sheer necessity, Britain will be driven willy-nilly along the road which he has pointed out.

It would, however, be a grave misfortune if the French proposal were disregarded by a Labour Cabinet merely because it was sponsored by Mr. Churchill at the Hague. What is needed at this moment is an objective appraisal of its merits.

Looking back over the road we have travelled since Mr. Marshall's Harvard speech, we can observe two quite separate movements towards Western integration which are often confused with one another. The one concerns Marshall Aid and has nothing directly to do with the Western Union; the other may be the nucleus of an increasingly independent federation capable of preventing the clash between Russia and America. In the first place, there is the O.E.E.C. in Paris which is seeking, under the stimulus of E.R.P. and the pressure of Mr. Harriman, to work out for the Sixteen Nations a four-year plan of recovery. But these Sixteen Nations are a haphazard lot. They form neither a political nor an economic unit. On the one hand, they include Turkey and Greece, geographically remote and neither of them fit to be called democracies. On the other hand, we find among them countries like Sweden, Switzerland and Eire which show no inclination to participate in any close political union. What links the Sixteen together is that they have all accepted Marshall Aid and with it the Truman Doctrine.

Mr. Attlee can therefore reasonably argue that an Assembly of the Sixteen Nations could not possibly lead to any real political federation. Geographical contiguity, political affinity and a common interest in pooled defence are three of the prerequisites for political union. The Sixteen Nations possess none of them. They could develop into an Anti-Communist bloc—which is what Mr. Churchill wants—but never into a real European Union.

At the other end of the scale is the small cohesive group formed by the five signatories of the Brussels Pact. Britain, France and Benelux do at least satisfy the three prerequisites. They are contiguous—if we assume that atom warfare has destroyed the barriers of the Channel; their defence requirements are intimately interrelated, and they share the Western belief in individual freedom, though with very different political institutions and traditions. An Assembly, limited to these five, might be a useful sounding board for the functional integration which Mr. Bevin is convinced is the sound approach to Western federation.

But unfortunately this inner nucleus excludes one essential element, the Germans. A Western Union, from which the *Länder* of Western Germany are omitted, is as absurd as one which includes Turkey. In a world dominated by the Russian-American conflict, the only way in which we can reduce the risks of war is to accept the Russian control of Eastern Germany—and to transform Western Germany from what it is now, an American colony, into a member of Western Union.

When the French Government, therefore, proposes that we should rapidly create a "16 nations" Assembly, our answer should be not a huffy negative, but a reasoned argument in favour of a "6 nations" Assembly, including Western Germany.

What response would such a British proposal meet with in France? The French democratic parties, in particular the Socialists, now realise that there is no future for French political parliamentary democracy within the confines of the nation State. They are desperately looking for any way of escape from the collapse which looms threateningly before them. Dissolution of Parliament was the only democratic method of solving the present crisis. It was opposed successfully by the Socialists—and the Communists connived at this intrigue—because both parties feared that de Gaulle would win the elections. Not even the Weimar Republic betrayed its bankruptcy so openly and thereby gave such powerful justification to those who favour dictatorship.

In such conditions it is only too easy for British politicians to ask rhetorically: "Can you expect us to take the proposals of such a Government seriously? Can you ask Britain to hurry forward plans for political union with a country which any day now may collapse into civil war or surrender to dictatorship?" Anyone satisfied with this sort of argument blinds himself to the fact of our own involvement in the fate of France. Is it not partly because we have failed to create the new Western European framework that France is toppling into disaster? Are we once again, as in 1940, to make the offer of union when it can only be an empty gesture of regret?

What is vital is that we should not sit complacently on these islands talking—oh so sensibly!—about the virtues of functional integration, while across the Channel French democracy is gasping for life. Neither Western Europe nor Britain can ever again be saved by letting France collapse and fighting a lone Battle of Britain. If Mr. Bevin meant what he said last January about Western Union, he must set the pace of advance, not by what we find temperamentally convenient, but by the needs of the hour. It is the feeling that he is unwilling even to consider such a change of tempo which has aroused the bitter complaints in America and Europe about "British stalling."

What is at stake is not the merits of the particular French proposal—they are very few—but whether Britain will respond to the desperation of which it is the expression. Frenchmen cannot solve their own crisis. Can we really write off France because they have frankly admitted it? Our task is clear enough. We should make it clear that any Assembly based on the Sixteen Nations is sheer waste of effort, but that on the other hand the Brussels Treaty can be made the nucleus of a real Western Union by including the *Länder* of Western Germany. If the other signatories agree to this principle, we should propose the building up of a permanent secretariat at Brussels for a standing conference of Prime Ministers, and the immediate beginning of discussions on the political constitution of a small and compact Union of Western Europe in which Germans and Frenchmen can begin to grow into fellow Europeans.

M. Schuman's Chances

With the extreme Right abstaining and only the Communists voting against him, M. Schuman succeeded on Tuesday in securing from the National Assembly eleven more votes than the bare constitutional minimum. His chances of forming an administration longer lived than the ill-fated combination got together by M. Marie must be measured in the light of the factors which disrupted the Cabinet last week. Having first endeavoured to appease the farmers by the promise of higher prices for milk and grain, M. Reynaud set out to "save the franc." He proposed to cut the military budget down by one-sixth, to "axe" the public services, to raise the pensionable age by five years, and further to fortify the Exchequer by increased excise duties, the withdrawal of most price-stabilising subsidies, and a substantial increase in charges on the nationalised railways and other industries owned by the State. Under Socialist pressure he reluctantly agreed to make some income tax concessions in favour of wage and salary earners to mitigate the steep rise in the cost of living which his programme involved, but he refused to agree to any increase in minimum wages. On this issue the Socialists once more rebelled and brought the Government down. Can M. Schuman secure their support? In his programme speech to the Assembly he promised more energetic action to reduce prices—a promise likely to be received in France with cynical scepticism—but he appeared to rely no less than M. Reynaud on "sound currency" as the keystone of French recovery. Like the late Finance Minister he declared himself resolutely opposed to wage increases, and insisted that fresh revenue must be gained by heavier indirect taxation as the fiscal machinery was too defective to collect more income tax. He seemed ready "to temper the wind" by granting additional family allowances to wage earners, but these are unlikely to satisfy even the cartel of non-Communist trade unions—to say nothing of the C.G.T.

Moscow and Berlin

It is impossible yet to judge whether the Moscow talks have reached a point where any real agreement is in sight, even on the isolated issue of Berlin. The Western Powers' readiness to accept the Eastern Mark as the sole currency circulating in Berlin was always subject to the important stipulation that the currency must be under Four-Power "control." After a month of blockade and bargaining, the task of defining how this "control" shall be exercised, and within what geographical limits, has now been remitted to the Four Military Governors and their expert advisers. It would be premature to conclude that all is now plain sailing, and that merely technical details have to be settled. There is no evidence that the Russians are prepared to give the Western Powers any say in the total volume of "their" currency put into circulation; and, even if guarantees on paper are secured that the Western sectors of the city shall receive enough Eastern Marks to meet their industrial and municipal requirements, the Russians, so long as they are in sole control of the Eastern bank of issue, will obviously retain the power to determine largely the whole economic future of the city through the influence which they can exercise on the rate of exchange between Eastern and Western Marks. Meanwhile, with evident Russian approval, the Communist campaign to undermine the authority of the *Magistrat* goes on. Unless there is a radical change in Russian policy, the mere lifting of the blockade can hardly be regarded as signifying the abandonment of the Russian claim that Berlin must be included as an integral part of the Eastern Zone. As for the prospects of the Four-Power Conference which is supposedly to follow the reopening of land communication between Berlin and Bizonia, the Constituent Assembly is now gathering at Bonn to consider the preliminary draft of a West German constitution, already agreed on by an all-party committee of experts; and there appears to be no intention of slowing down the plan for the formation of a West German Government by April 1, 1949. It is difficult to see how a peace treaty for a united Germany can be seriously discussed in face of this *fait accompli*, but it may, if wise counsels prevail, give bargaining power to the West, in discussing an East-West *modus vivendi*.

European Trade and Dollars

The Report of the Economic Commission for Europe, emphasising the importance of considerably larger trade between Western Europe and Eastern Europe, should be read in the light of the latest returns analysing changes in the direction of Britain's trade since we embarked on an attempt to reduce our dollar gap. The returns show that there has been a considerable switch of imports from dollar to non-dollar sources; but, since the total value of imports in the first half of this year was substantially greater than in the first six months in 1947, our trading deficit with the rest of the world (other than Western Europe, with which we have a credit balance) has greatly increased. Furthermore, though our exports to Canada and South America have expanded, we have made little headway in selling more to the United States. All in all, it looks on present indications as if Britain's dollar deficit with the Western hemisphere is unlikely to be reduced below £250 millions a year unless the terms of trade move sharply in our favour—and of that there is little sign—or much more positive steps are taken to re-orientate the direction of trade. The E.C.E. draws the conclusion, which is applicable not only to Britain but to Western Europe as a whole, that when the exceptional outside assistance now being provided by the United States comes to an end, the present living standards and production levels of Western European countries may be threatened by inability to pay for necessary imports of foodstuffs and raw materials. Hence it is imperative to develop sources of supply outside the Western hemisphere, and the solution is to be sought in an expansion of East-West European trade.

Rival Claims

On the face of it, this makes sense: the more quickly the economically backward countries of Eastern Europe can obtain capital equipment to increase both their own production of consumers' goods and the efficiency of their farming and timber industries, the sooner will they have exportable surpluses both of foodstuffs and raw materials which can be substituted, to some extent, by Western Europe for supplies no longer obtainable from the Western hemisphere. There is, however, a complicating factor: there is a world scarcity of capital equipment; and, unless its production in Western Europe can be increased, shipments of it to Eastern Europe are bound to be at the expense of the immediate need of British Commonwealth countries and South America. Moreover, sales of capital equipment to Eastern Europe would be, at least for some time, unrequited exports. In other words, the countries of Western Europe would have to consider how far they can afford to make, in effect, a large capital investment in Eastern Europe, at the cost of temporarily diminished ability to pay for supplies from the rest of the non-dollar area. The balance of advantages is perhaps more even than the E.C.E. Report suggests. In any case, it is certain that if East-West trade in Europe is to be successfully developed, it can only be on the basis of co-ordinated economic planning between Western European countries, matching the closely integrated plan which is being developed in the countries of the Eastern bloc.

Demob Doldrums

This journal has consistently held that this country cannot afford to devote man-power to maintaining Armed Forces in excess of its economic strength. It has also frequently predicted that the Government would run into serious man-power difficulties with the Armed Forces unless it speedily recruited the required peacetime numbers of regular servicemen in all three Services and, in addition, established an equivalent of the pre-war Section A of the Reserve. Since neither of these things has happened, the present spate of rumours about the retarding of demobilisation is no surprise: the situation would have arisen without Berlin. In order to train the National Service intake and at the same time maintain a balanced force, the Army (and in a cold war period this is still the most important arm) requires at least 40,000 more regular soldiers than it has to-day. But even this figure does not readily allow for the despatch of brigades and divisions, supplementary to normal strength, to areas like Malaya. Such forces, containing long-service men, are made up to a very large extent of the instructors who should be training recruits in home stations. Once they are removed, it is first necessary to defer call-up notices, which has already been done, and then to retard demobilisation, which is now inevitable. But these are temporary measures, and can only succeed if British troops are out of Malaya, for instance, in three months from now, and no fresh incidents occur. Otherwise, the Government must either release the men retarded or break one of their firmest pledges that all non-regulars serving on January 1st, 1947, would be released by the end of 1948. That would only be the start of a vicious circle. Next would come the raising of the National Service period from twelve to eighteen months. It is impossible to forecast what way the Government will find out of its self-constructed maze. But it is certain that until the regular elements are brought up to strength and a Reserve is in existence which, as after the first World War, can be immediately called up and sent to trouble centres, there is no obvious solution. This is impossible without a sharp increase in the rates of pay for regulars.

The Industrialists' Complaint

The industrialists' cry about over-taxation of profits placed to reserve is being raised again at the moment when the Trade Unions are demanding that profits and prices must be more closely controlled if wage-claims are still to be held in check. The industrialists' plaint is that the cost of capital construction has so increased as to render the customary allocations for replacements altogether inadequate and to eat into reserves intended for expansion. The taxation of these reserves, say the industrialists, is making it impossible for them to look forward with any confidence. For the time being, of course, owing to the restrictions on capital outlay, most of the big firms have a great deal more money laid by than they can hope to spend; but their view is that none of this money ought to go on replacements, which should be fully covered out of current takings. No one can deny that constructional costs to-day are unduly high, and ought to come down if industry is to be enabled to produce finished goods at reasonable prices. But profits, too, are high, and any move towards taxing them less would put the finishing touch to the policy of holding wages in check. Taking things all round, the employers have certainly nothing to grumble at; for who could have anticipated that record profits would be one of the by-products of Socialist Government. Industry can afford for the time being to spend all it is able to spend capital goods, and a great deal more. The roblem of keeping capital investment at the ght level is highly important; but for the present is one of checking too much investment and not stimulating more. The industrialists must ink again.

ages Front

The statement issued last week-end by the xecutive Council of the Transport and General orkers' Union is a sign of the growing restiveess of Trade Union opinion on the issue of wageolicy. The statement, which called for vigorous overnment action to reduce prices and control rofits, comes from a body that has hitherto given rong support to the policy of the Government s laid down in the Incomes White Paper, subject the interpretations put on it by the T.U.C. robably it means, not that the T. and G.W. has hanged sides, but that its leaders had to take ome step to placate the critics within the Union, nd are hoping that the General Council's forthoming report on the matter will provide a way ut for the time. Since the T. and G.W. statenent was issued, the court of inquiry has recomnended an increase of 5s. a week in minimum ages for engineering workers—an award of 38 er cent. of the 13s. which the Confederation laimed. Before the court's findings were known, he Government had granted a wage-advance to ngineers employed in its own factories. It has, owever, to be borne in mind that earnings in the Government factories have hitherto been excepionally low, largely because most of the skilled nen are on time-work, whereas in general ngineering a far higher proportion are under ome form of payment by results. Moreover, he Government engineers' claim was actually nade before the White Paper, and is not thereore covered by it, whereas the general claim was ut in just after. The court of inquiry expresses he view that no *future* claim by the engineers ould be admissible unless it fulfilled strictly the White Paper conditions—i.e., increased output. It lso warns other industries not to regard the award s a precedent. It would be optimistic to expect he warning to be heeded. There are plenty of other laimants who can urge that their needs are as ressing as those of the engineers.

he German Field-Marshals

The announcement by the War Office that the hree German Field-Marshals, von Brauchitsch, on Runstedt, and von Mannstein, together with General Strauss, are to be brought to trial as war riminals by a military court in the British Zone has naturally come as a shock to large sections of public opinion in this country. Many who will eadily dismiss the quite unwarranted suggestion that this decision has been taken either to appease the U.S.S.R. or to justify retrospectively the length of time these men had been held in aptivity in Britain, are bound to wonder why it was only at this late date that charges of war rimes should have been raised. The explanation s presumably to be found in the proceedings of the American tribunal which for some months past has been hearing evidence in a war guilt trial of thirteen German Generals in the U.S. Zone. This tribunal, over two months ago, made a request that von Runstedt and von Mannstein should appear before it and give evidence. It may be that the American tribunal has unearthed evidence which has been passed on to the British authorities and which is *prima facie* so strong as to necessitate the trial which is now proposed. If so, it is unwise to indulge prematurely in sympathy for the accused until the facts are known. If, for instance, they are responsible for savage atrocities during the war, neither their age, nor their long captivity should excuse them. The British public, however, is entitled to expect from the War Office a more convincing explanation than has yet been given of the reasons why these men were held so long in captivity without trial.

HYENAS AND OTHER REPTILES

WROCLAW, German Breslau for 200 years, is a suitable place for a Peace Conference. Since my first visit there last year, when I slept in a bed once occupied by Hitler and Eva Braun, the Poles have done a rapid job of repairing and rebuilding. Habitable houses, hotels and shops stand whole amid the vast desolation. The gorgeous medieval Town Hall, with its laughing statues and sparkling green, red and golden roof, has been restored; this year the 500 delegates to the Conference could be splendidly entertained in its lately gutted rooms. On the outskirts the Poles have erected an exhibition showing the progress of the Western Territories. Entering, you pass an immensely high and tapering metal structure, a single, lovely spire springing from the earth. I was told (perhaps fancifully) that it symbolised the rise of the new Poland in contrast to three low arches beneath, representing the bending backs of the workers of the slavish past.

The Exhibition is a triumph of organised display; Gerald Barry, seeking hints for the British Exhibition of 1951, should pay it a visit. At the "gastronomic" building there was ample room for the delegates to feed, and feed well. Jerzy Borejsza, organiser of the Conference, had made good provision for the comfort of his guests, who came from every part of the world; even the Yugoslavs were present, invited, I understand, at the last minute in spite of the unhappy transformation of the recently heroic Marshal Tito into a neo-Fascist reptile. The setting and physical organisation of the Conference could scarcely have been improved. There was no doubt that our Polish hosts want peace; they have suffered in war infinitely more than any Western country. Here in Poland, where some seven millions died (six millions done to death in the coldest of cold blood), delegates from the Western World can realise that no coercion or propaganda is required to make every man, woman and child look to the U.S.S.R. for protection if they fear that American capitalism intends to rebuild a hostile Germany. At the same time, these people, Catholic and traditionally anti-Russian, have strong ties with England, France and America. Here, if anywhere is the desire for peace. Here, if anywhere, is the background against which "intellectuals" could wrestle together with the problem of two hostile worlds.

The organisers' promise of serious discussion had already been broken when I arrived on the evening of the first day. The welcoming speech of the Polish Foreign Minister had been warm and sensible, but Mr. Fadieev, the Soviet writer, had delivered what was described to me even by people from the other side of the iron curtain as a "brutal" oration. It sounded like a declaration of war. Those who most disapprove of the political trend of writers like T. S. Eliot, Eugene O'Neill, Dos Passos, Sartre, and André Malraux felt hot under the collar when Mr. Fadieev said that: "If hyenas could type and jackals could use a fountain pen, they would write such things." All the evils of the world were put down to American imperialism and the British were not much better. The world was divided into the heroes of the Soviet Union (with only their less heroic followers) and the small group of reptilian Fascists who were plotting war. Olaf Stapledon, a mild but sturdy character, was prepared to make a strong reply, but on the assurance that Fadieev's speech was not to set the tone of the proceedings, contented himself with a few rebutting words and delivered his prepared speech, firmly urging that peace required, among other things, that the East, as well as the West, must learn to tolerate and understand.

To appreciate the subsequent proceedings, it must be remembered that while the Slav States were represented by solid blocs, the British and American and French delegations were miscellaneous collections of persons of distinction individually invited. There was among them neither agreement, cohesion or organisation. The British team included very distinguished (and heroic) Communist scientists like Professors Haldane, Bernal and Levy, a number of middle-of-the-road liberal skunks (with whom Julian Huxley must, I fear, be included), and a few positively bestial or reptilian characters who refused to admit that American imperialism was a more serious menace to world peace than Soviet heroism. It was decided amongst the delegates that the most outspokenly reptilian of these characters, Mr. A. J. P. Taylor, should be the first British spokesman on the second day. If liberalism was to hear its spokesman, it should be voiced, not by the sort of liberal who is a liberal because he does not know his own mind, but by one who believed his stuff. The day began with a forty-minute oration by the heroic Ilya Ehrenburg. An effort to cut his speech short to the allotted ten, or in exceptional cases, twenty minutes, was defeated by the mass of Slav delegates. Professor Julian Huxley, in the chair without any bell or means of calling the meeting to order, could only leave his seat, walk round to the rostrum and vainly ask the speaker to be kind enough to obey his ruling. Ehrenburg's was a brilliant performance which should have been delivered instead of Fadieev's on the first day. It contained an interesting thesis on the unity of world culture and a bitter denunciation of the conceptions of a Western or European culture which could be defended. A day of serious discussion of these theses would have been worthy of the conference. If, as it was reported, Ehrenburg's speech was intended to "sweeten" the atmosphere, it had no such effect on Mr. Taylor.

Mr. Taylor, someone remarked, is quite consistent. In England he attacks British policy; in the Eastern Zone he attacks Soviet policy. He recalled, to the obvious astonishment of the Slav delegates, that Britain had gone to war on behalf of Poland, sacrificed much to help the Soviet Union in the war, and that Yugoslavia, omitted from Fadieev's list of countries which had fought on the democratic side during the war, had, in fact, lost two million men in a struggle as heroic as on any front. Some people in England, and more in America, now said that the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany were indistinguishable. As intellectuals, Mr. Taylor agreed that it was our business to refute such assertions. It was equally the business of the intellectuals at this conference to reject, instead of repeating, wild slogans about American Fascism. He had come to the conference in order to look for ways of peaceful co-operation. Instead of that, Fadieev had produced only lies and hatred, and turned the conference into a piece of war-mongering. Mr. Taylor declared that he hated all authoritarian interference, whether from Wall Street or the Kremlin. He ended with a plea for intellectual honesty, tolerance, love and the pursuit of truth. These remarks were made with a stern ferocity which no Communist delegate could have bettered. Mr. Taylor is now no doubt a hyena, if not a reptile. He looked at the rostrum like a British bull terrier challenged to fight by a Russian wolf. Mr. Taylor has a large wart in the middle of his forehead. I had the illusion while he was speaking that this had swollen and lengthened into an instrument of offence. The bull terrier looked like a British unicorn.

Among the Slavs, some, I know, were privately delighted to hear Mr. Taylor's outspoken attack. Among the British, Mr. Taylor was very popular indeed. One usually enthusiastic fellow-traveller summarised the general feeling by saying, "Of course, I did not agree with all that Mr. Taylor said, but, *by God, it needed saying*." In short, if those with whom you are supposed usually to agree tell lies about your nation and your friends, you are delighted to hear them given the lie in a forthright manner, irrespective of your general position on the substance of the controversy. I suppose it is impossible to explain to Soviet listeners that one may agree about the trend of American imperialism without making a doctrine into the whole of life or foregoing a standard of honesty in controversy or traversing the character of opponents for immediate political purposes. I believe this is the attitude of most people in England, including some British Communists. Many would long ago have been liquidated by a Russian Soviet system. I suspect many British Communists of being, if not hyenas and jackals, at least potentially reptilian liberals.

The only effective reply to Mr. Taylor I heard in the conference was made by "coloured" speakers in the evening. No one could rebut his attack on intellectuals who, instead of seeking peace, indulged in war slogans, but there was real substance in the comment of an African, who said that Mr. Taylor's somewhat high-falutin' claim for tolerance and "good manners" in political controversy seemed strangely abstract to subject races struggling to obtain their freedom. The long series of wildly applauded speeches made by representatives of Indonesia, Viet-Nam, Martinique and other "colonial" peoples was the most politically effective part of the conference.

Innumerable and strikingly similar speeches were made by Communist delegates from many countries. But France, England and America had their fair share. Julian Benda spoke worthily; Mr. Hovde, director of the New School of Social Service in New York, was militantly critical of the war propaganda of Soviet speakers; Sir John Boyd Orr, looking as ever like a major prophet, spoke admirably, but unfortunately late in the conference and only for about five minutes. This was a disappointment to some delegates, who had gone to the conference primarily in the hope that Sir John would be able to impress on the East his belief that co-operation is possible, if not on politics, then at least on such great issues as saving the human race from famine. Huxley emphasised the futility of a conference which dwelt on political animosities instead of seeking for common ground, and spoke severely of the reported purge of Soviet geneticists whose conclusions were not agreeable to party doctrine. On this point Professor Haldane was interesting. As a leading British Communist, he naturally supported the party line, but he was also bluntly critical of the secrecy of the Soviet Union which kept us in the dark about "the facts of life in the U.S.S.R." He wanted, for instance, to know the truth about the genetic controversy with which, as one of the world's leading geneticists, he is particularly concerned.

I doubt if the moral of these speeches was appreciated by Soviet delegates. More to their mind was the flamboyant utterance of an American, Mr. Kahn, who made full use of a strident voice to shout the correct slogans and to declare, in defiance of all probability, that Wallace would be the next President of the United States. Another American speaker surprised us all by an autobiographical speech in which he dwelt on the value of psycho-analysis. The moral appeared to be that Russians and Americans should all mutually psycho-analyse each other. Mr. Mulk Anand, speaking for Indian Socialists, recommended us to follow Mahatma Gandhi, and to resort to prayer and fasting. Thus the Russians were exhorted to try Gandhi-ism, Freudism, cultural co-operation and British liberalism. The way was clear for a magnificent display of virtuosity by that old Bolshevik (I am told he is 78 years of age) Zaslavski, who in a speech in which banter and rhetoric were skilfully blended, swept all Western liberals into the dust-heap. He declared that argument and outspoken criticism were more to be found in the Soviet Union than anywhere else. He added that Mr. Taylor was right in speaking of love, though he could not expect Mr. Taylor to love him and could not "promise to love Mr. Taylor." Love came from joining together in a "holy hatred" of imperialism in defence of those higher cultural values best appreciated in Soviet Russia. He complained that visas to the United States had been refused to several Communists, and demanded, dramatically, "Where is Howard Fast?" If the answer is that he is, regrettably, in prison, it could have been added that quite a lot of people at various times have been arrested for their political opinions in the U.S.S.R., and that visas are more difficult to obtain for the Soviet Union than for the United States even in these days of Fascist-imperialist America. But such a point could only be made by a jackal or hyena.

By the end of the second day, it was sufficiently obvious that the probable result of the Conference would be a general resolution denouncing Anglo-American imperialism as the sole danger to peace. Many of the British, American and French delegates were threatening in that case to leave the Conference and to return to their homes to repudiate it as a fake. The organisers of the Conference were extremely anxious to avoid this outcome. They suggested that the resolution should be signed individually, so that every member of the Conference would have the opportunity of either stating his acceptance or disapproval of the resolution. They also proposed a drafting committee composed of representatives of eight delegations, including Britain, the United States and France.

At one time it looked as if there would be two resolutions. British and Americans, while ready enough to denounce Anglo-American foreign policy, were not willing to accept a Communist manifesto. The Communists were determined at all costs to avoid a split. That would have destroyed their propagandist purpose. They wanted to be able to say that a large number of important representatives of science, literature and the arts in Western countries were on the Russian side of the fence, and the exact form of words after all mattered to them very little. The Russians and Poles and the rest are already well-conditioned to believing that any reference to a handful of evil-minded people preparing war refers exclusively to Fascists and American capitalists. So the job of amending and whittling down and re-writing the resolution proceeded. By the end it was a verbose jumble of generalisations which included nevertheless many Soviet concessions to the West. Thus the peoples of America and Britain were also allowed to have had a share in winning the war against Germany; those who are threatening the world's peace come not only from America but also from Europe—in which a Western reptile could include the U.S.S.R. if he liked. The Communists agreed, too, to sentences asking for free interchange of information and persons between countries. By such verbal concessions British Socialists were persuaded to accept, with reservations, a resolution which, they nevertheless held to be totally unworthy of a gathering of "intellectuals." The Americans were at sixes and sevens. When it came to announcing the votes, the majority signed, with reservations explained by their chairman. Among the British a few, including the hyena Taylor, refused to sign or preferred to abstain (amongst there were Sir John Boyd Orr). A number of the British (including myself) signed, while also signing a short statement, the substance of which is printed in this issue as a letter over the signature of Mr. Taylor and others. The Communists did not have things all their own way; British and American speakers had spoken their minds, loudly, and behind the Iron Curtain.

The scene that will, I think, most vividly remain in my mind was the vast public meeting held on the final day in the great and beautiful circular hall where, from time to time, Hitler used to address his minions. Ten thousand people—I guess the number—loudly responded to peaceful slogans, cheered to the echo the dignified figure of Mme Joliot-Curie, and listened breathlessly, with bursts of wild applause, to the Dean of Canterbury. In the United States, which bans the Dean, similar masses gather in stadiums to denounce the U.S.S.R. in terms of atomic hatred. All the contradictions of peace-making seemed to me summarised here. With his fringe of white hair flowing back from his pink and benignant countenance, with his clerical garb, his seraph smile and his fine hands held up in benedictio the Dean is Hollywood's notion of a film s playing the part of God. Naively sincere, he yet an actor to his fingertips. Instinctively bridges East and West. Every word is Christia every word is Soviet. His noble presence a mellifluous voice, soaring above earthly passion but glorifying an earthly paradise, turns the mo secular building into a Cathedral and the mo mundane audience into a congregation of wo shippers. Certainly the Dean preached the go pel of peace on earth and good will to men. Ce tainly the reverent multitude desired, sincere and with all its heart, the peace he offered. Some what inconsistently, however, it is also bein taught by other, less angelic voices, that peace o earth is only possible under Stalin and that onl extermination is good enough for hyenas, jacka and other reptiles.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

A LONDON DIARY

THE news of Benes's illness lifted for a mome the veil of obscurity in which he had wrapp himself since his retirement from the presidency He was a sick man, both in mind and body, the time of the Communist *putsch* last February After that, he had nothing to live for, thoug the extraordinary demonstration, during th Sokol festival a few weeks ago, revealed th depths of affection which his people felt for "th loyalist disciple of Thomas Masaryk." Benes personal tragedy was the tragedy of his country writ small. His liberalism was squeezed dry be tween new and conflicting ideologies, his subtl diplomacy crushed by men intellectually inferio to him in every way. Hitler singled him out fo special hatred, feeling rightly that he personifie the intellectual qualities of that bourgeois worl which had spurned the youthful aspiration of th Führer; and he was equally detested by our own Western appeasers because he was so con foundedly clever at exposing the immorality a well as the imbecility of appeasing Hitler Twice in the two supreme crises of his life, i 1938 and in 1948, he could have pulled hi country down in ruins rather than surrender When France and Britain betrayed him, h might have forced Hitler to fight for the Sudete areas; and it is arguable that there might have been a better chance for peace to-day and fo democracy in Czechoslovakia if the war ha started then, with Russia participating from th first. But Benes was no Samson. He accepte Munich, and at least saved his country from th ravages of war. Ten years later he was face by a similar dilemma. Last February he coul have refused to accept the resignation of th Right-wing Ministers and called on the arme forces to resist any attack on the Republic. Bu faced by the risk of civil war if he resiste Gottwald's demands, he once again chose th path of peace. To blame him is to condemn th whole tradition which makes a liberal democra "slower on the draw" than the opponent wh does not share his conscientious scruples.

* * *

I notice that one or two Socialist writers a lashing themselves into a frenzy about publi opinion polls and describing them as an America import with which British democracy could we dispense. It seems a pity to have made this dis covery only when the polls quite unmistakabl show a swing against Labour! There is, o course, danger that politicians may treat D Gallup's results not as a useful pointer, but a a mandate to which policy must bow. But thi is not a sufficient reason for dismissing a ne and valuable scientific technique which has alrea become a branch of modern sociology. Poll ing, particularly if the same group of ques tions is repeated regularly over a long period produces a graph which tells you the direction i which public opinion is moving. Particula answers to particular questions are usually grossl misleading. We are none of us sufficiently singlended to permit the pollster to achieve such curacy. If we were really truthful, we should ve to give the answer "I am thirty-five per nt. for, and sixty-five per cent. against." But udied intelligently, polls do reveal a general ten- ncy. And at the very least this could be a ost useful check on the blind prejudice from hich most politicians suffer, living as they do a quite unreal world in which politics are the ly things which matter. If Brendan Bracken d paid any attention to the excellent polls ndertaken by his own Ministry of Information uring the war, he could have foretold the swing Labour and warned Mr. Churchill against the istakes of his notorious election broadcast. But ould this have made any difference? Not uch. I am convinced that the British people inclined to make up its mind between elections ther than at them, and so the campaigning has uch less effect than many politicians imagine. y now, for instance, it is clear that a substantial ction of the middle class which swung Left uring the Chamberlain period and the war, as now slipped back to its normal anti-Socialist titude. Nothing is likely to change this between ow and 1950. It is the result of the obvious ct that the middle class under a Labour Govern- ent has done much worse proportionately than e working classes. But you can't conclude from e polls that the Conservatives are certain or en likely to win the next election. A Parlia- entary majority depends not on the national rcentage of Tory and Labour voters, but on hat happens in a couple of hundred of key con- tituencies. A switch of 2 per cent. here is cal- ulated to be sufficient to decide the results in hundred seats. Moreover, the redistribution ow being carried out may also upset all calcula- ion. So despite the polls, the next General lection will remain the glorious gamble which e British democratic system likes it to be.

* * *

I hope the National Coal Board will publish, in amphlet form, some of the more important peeches and papers delivered during its Summer chool, last week, at Oxford. For, apart from he fact that only twenty working miners were ncluded in the five hundred employees of the oard gathered at Oxford, newsprint shortage aturally prevented the national dailies from iving more than very truncated reports of the roceedings. Yet it is of extreme importance that oth the miners and the public should be as fully cquainted as possible with the main issues raised t the School. To begin with, as Lord Hyndley ointed out, the question of the price of coal is by o means simple. It would be quite easy for the oard to make a profit by passing on to the con- umer every penny of increased costs—as a apitalist industry would do. But, apart from the act that, in present abnormal circumstances a ood deal of admittedly "uneconomic" coal has to e raised to satisfy the needs both of home in- dustry and the export trade, the Board has clearly ot to weigh the repercussions of dear coal on the hole national economy before deciding to put up rices. There are many other issues, however, which have to be settled in coal industry planning; nd I was greatly impressed with the really masterly paper prepared for the School by Mr. E. H. Browne, the Board's Chief Mining Engineer. There is undoubtedly a good deal of mpatience in the coalfields at the time which is eing taken by the N.C.B. to work out a complete plan for the reconstruction of the industry, but Mr. Browne's paper brought out very clearly the many conflicting factors which have to be resolved before a long-term decision can be taken either as to the maximum tonnage which the British coal industry can economically produce or the extent to which production should be concentrated in selected fields. For one thing, should there be zoned prices for coal, or one national price irrespective of the geographical situation of the user? The answer has obviously a profound bearing on the location of industry in this country.

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How far Robert Farquhar, who addressed the School on behalf of the working miners, "pulled his punches" I don't know; but I think he was voicing the real feelings in the coalfields when he said that "since Vesting Day miners of Great Britain have a feeling of security and a sense of freedom, neither of which they could possibly have known before." He mentioned some undoubted grouses—bad housing, indifferent canteens, and the slow working of the conciliation machinery. Above all, I am sure that Mr. Farquhar put his finger on the root of a good deal of trouble when he complained that some managers still regard the pit consultative committees as a threat to their authority. There is clearly need for considerable change of heart on the managers' part if we are to get happy pits, and if the old destructive suspicion of the boss is to be finally dispelled. On this question of human relations in coal mining I thought that a great deal of excellent sense was talked by Professor Bryan, H.M. Chief Inspector of Mines, in his address to the School. He emphasised that, though mechanisation may gradually solve the man-power problem in terms of pure numbers, a great deal more will have to be done to improve the quality of the N.C.O.s in the ranks of the industry—the under officials, such as deputies and overmen, on whose personality, as well as technical knowledge, so much depends. Incidentally, it was rather refreshing to hear a distinguished Government official declare that a national emblem "like the hammer and sickle" had a good deal to commend it as a means of eradicating the stupid social snobbery which led, at any rate in the past, to the miner being looked down on, because his hands and face get grimy.

* * *

The only excuse for the press speculations about the death of General Zhdanov is that, statistically speaking, the percentage of Bolshevik leaders who have died in their beds is not high and that the Cominform policy with which Zhdanov was particularly associated has been strikingly unsuccessful. Zhdanov has had his ups and downs; defender of Leningrad, he was one of the most renowned Soviet war leaders. Late in the war he dropped to second place and became Soviet representative in Helsinki. He staged a great recovery and was effectively put in charge of the propagandist side of Russian government. Those who have known him tell me that he was a singularly rigid theoretician. Whether he was blamed for the quarrel with Tito or for the trouble that the U.S.S.R. is now reaping from excess of Communist zeal in the Soviet Zone of Germany and elsewhere in Eastern Europe, I do not know. But there is no tittle of evidence to suggest that he did not die normally. After all, even in Russia people do die of angina pectoris.

* * *

No one would think we wanted foreign visitors here by the way we treat them. We cannot help the weather, but there are many who are willing to put up with rain for the sake of the English country, the English village and the English market town. In most countries you have to drive for many hours over dull flat plains in order to find the loveliness you seek, but in England you have only to turn off any of the main roads to find a still unspoilt beauty that is unsurpassed, except perhaps by Italy. Why then, when we want foreigners here, do we keep them for hours waiting at the customs and passport control? Why are officials allowed to disregard the fact that a passport visa is a permission to enter, and to subject travellers to a long cross-examination about why they have come? Why do our hotels and restaurants throw expensive food and bad service at them as if they were indeed the escaping criminals who, by the time they have overcome the formalities, many of them no doubt feel themselves to be? Why, O why, cannot our hotels and restaurants learn to cook? The raw material of food in this country is now by no means bad, but, in spite of the determined efforts of the Ministry of Food during the war, we still render it almost inedible in the cooking. Few English people will believe you if you tell them that cabbage, if not stewed in water, can be a crisp and delicious vegetable and that meat, even if naturally tough, can be tasty and tender, if cooked with a little imagination. Nor, perhaps even more important, do those who cater for visitors behave as if they were pleased to see them and wanted to make them happy and comfortable. I suppose the real reason why (in our public as opposed to our private capacity) we are bad hosts is that we are used to being guests abroad, spending and expecting foreigners to serve us, and we have not yet learnt to change the manners of swank for those of friendship, let alone service. It's time our hospitality experts took lessons from the Swiss.

CRITIC

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

The Comédie Française, that classic stage,
Assured of State and public patronage,
That fount of intrigue, eloquence and wit
Has recently revealed a Party split.
The leading actors, failing to agree,
Withdrew in haste *L'Annonce faite à Marie.*
This untoward theatrical event
Seemed prelude to a change of management,
But as the curtain fell, the troupe declared
New shows were being actively prepared—
All-star productions, worthy of the past,
With certain alterations in the cast
(Though jealousy behind the scenes is rife,
The artistes, once engaged, are there for life).
They swore, that while this management controls
The choice of plays, and takes the leading roles,
They would maintain their stand against all odds,
And keep out rivals, playing to the gods.
They did not meditate a grand farewell
To let de Gaulle perform *Crime Passionel,*
Nor would they with their priceless leasehold part,
To rent the theatre to the Moscow Art;
But modernised productions of old plays
Would occupy the Comédie Française.
A repetition of Reynaud's *L'Avare*
Is not expected in the repertoire,
But they may stage an operatic show,
The Tales of Hoffman, featuring Bidault.
And if the stars will all consent to play,
They may produce *Le Mariage Forcé,*
Blum may direct *Les Folies Amoureuses*
And Schuman, *La Liaison Dangereuse.*

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Nothing proves the desire of the Festival Club to be helpful more than the bilingual notice which hangs on the telephone kiosk in the vestibule. Above is the word "Telephone"; underneath is the word "Télephone."—*Scotsman.* (James C. Matthews.)

Constable —— said: "I approached the men who were throwing bottles into the crowd. I drew my baton and struck all three. This had a quietening effect."—*Manchester Guardian.* (J. C. H.)

About to christen a girl, the Rev. R. G. Crookshank, rector of Bere Ferrers, South Devon, found tadpoles in the font. Now he is leading villagers in demanding a better water supply.—*Daily Herald.* (A. G. Johnson.)

When —— was fined 5s. at Tower Bridge Court, London, to-day for being drunk it was stated that he went into a telephone box, dialled 999, reported that he was very drunk, and asked to be collected.—*North-Eastern Evening Gazette.* (David Simon.)

Absence of buttons from church collections "is not due to a realisation that it is sinful to pretend . . . but for the fact that buttons are costlier than coppers nowadays," says the vicar, the Rev. W. A. Gibson, of Wimbledon, London, in his magazine.—*Daily Mirror.* (W. Painter.)

MECHANISING THE SMALL FARM

SOMETHING there is that doesn't love a wall. In Robert Frost's poem the Something was rain, wind and frost, the primeval forces of nature. To-day it is the wall's human enemies that are the more dangerous. The modern ley farmer, for example, except for a few paddocks near his buildings, has no use for a field of less than ten acres. And the agricultural economists have demonstrated that, even before the war, a 27-acre field cost nearly one-sixth less to cultivate per acre than a 1-acre field, because of the savings on the fencing, the area occupied by the boundary, and the time taken in ploughing, etc. Walls are uneconomic. They are the symbol of the small unit, and in terms of economic efficiency the small unit hasn't a logical leg to stand on.

But there is another Something that does love a wall. The logic of the large unit conflicts with and is often worsted by the instinct that has been called the Golden Age nostalgia ("Happy the man whose wish and care A *few* paternal acres bound"). Agglomeration, the adding of field to field and farm to farm is opposed by fragmentation. It can be seen, in naked ferocity, in the best of the early Victorian broadside ballads, the moving *Poor Labourers,* printed by Henson of Northampton:

> Some pity the farmers, but I tell you now,
> Pity poor labourers that follow the plough,
> Pity poor children half starving and thin,
> Divide every great farm into ten.

The policy of dividing great farms into ten was faithfully followed in the multiplication of County Council Smallholdings after the 1914-18 war, and in spite of the arguments of the economists a further instalment of fragmentation must soon be on its way. The demand not only from non-agricultural ex-Servicemen but also from farmworkers and farmers' sons is too formidable to be resisted much longer. And the Agriculture Act of 1947 has now given Mr. Tom Williams and his Ministry all the powers they need.

Nor is the contradiction between the urge for a bit of land of one's own and the competitive disadvantages of the small unit necessarily either absolute or irresolvable. Co-operation may be able to bridge the gap. The Land Settlement Association, with its colonies of market-gardeners and pig- and poultry-keepers, all buying and selling through a central store, has been a decided success. Its Welsh brother and the Fordson Co-operators (an offshoot of the Ford Motor Company) have proved that even co-operative farming can be profitable provided the management retains a limited independent authority. And there are dozens of co-operative agricultural requisites societies that have put the small man on almost equal terms with the big farmer in the purchase of feeding-stuffs, seeds and manures.

The most serious handicap under which the small farm lies to-day is that, with minor exceptions, the installation of modern labour-saving machinery is not economically justifiable. A milking machine won't pay for itself unless at least 16 cows are being milked. Combine harvesting can be twice as cheap as the old reaping-stacking-threshing methods, but only if there are at least 100 acres of corn to be cut every year. And similar considerations apply to tractor ploughing and mowing, combine drilling, baling, sweeps, elevators, dung-spreaders and the rest of the bag of tricks of the mechanised farmer.

Before the war, smallholders found themselves between the devil of over-capitalisation and the deep sea of the private contractor (who dislikes small jobs and tends to leave them to the last). Not unnaturally, most of them preferred to remain unmechanised. During the war the Machinery Departments of the "War Ags" came to their rescue, and they are still doing so, though on a diminishing scale. But the Agricultural Executive Committees, though admirable in theory, have proved wasteful and incompetent in practice, and their operations are likely to be drastically restricted before long.

A more promising post-war development is co-operative contracting. Some of the supply societies have now introduced agricultural contracting as a sideline, and the Cheshire, Shropshire and North Wales Farmers' Supply Association, with 24 tractors and 9 threshing drums, has gone into contracting in quite a big way. There are also a few purely contracting societies, one of the most energetic being Bucks Farmers Parish Pools Limited, an amalgamation of three of the war-time parish machinery pools.

The Bucks society has evolved an ingenious pay-as-you-go scheme to meet the capital cost of the more expensive implements. The principle can be illustrated from the 8-foot Massey-Harris combine-harvester that is now operating in two small-farm parishes near Aylesbury. The cost (over £900) has been met by the members lending the Society sums proportionate to the cereal acreage that they will want cutting over the next few years. For each £4 advanced by a member the Society guarantees the combining of one acre of corn every year for 6 years, and the £4 is repaid by the Society deducting 13s. 4d. each year (plus 5 per cent. interest) from the charge for each acre in the contract.

It is an arrangement that seems to suit everybody. This year, with a charge of 65s. per acre (it is what the A.E.C. is charging), the members are saving £2 or £3 on every acre harvested, and at the end of the six years they will have been repaid the whole of what they have advanced, together with the interest it might have earned if invested.

The Society benefits in three ways: (i) it gets access to capital on easy terms; (ii) it has obtained a firm contract for 225 acres work per season for 6 years, with every extra acre over the 225 thrown in as sheer gain (with luck 300 acres can be managed); (iii) in six years' time it will have paid for the combine without actually paying out a penny and with several years' life still left in the machine. A pick-up baler has been bought on a similar basis, but with the guarantee in tons instead of acres, and members are now subscribing for a grass-drying plant that is to come into operation next April.

Economically, of course, such co-operation is a palliative rather than a cure. It *seems* to level up small farms with big, but a manager's salary and expenses have, in fact, to be deducted from the savings that the Society effects. The cure may be more "great farms"—perhaps the 3,000-acre mixed farms and the 500-acre dairy farms that Sir Daniel Hall used to prescribe. But the patient will have to be nearer death than the small farm is to-day for the drastic operations of the economists to become practical politics. The love of a wall isn't easily eradicated.

F. W. BATESON

MONEY TALKS IN WESTERN GERMANY

IN Hamburg's Atlantic, ritziest hostelry in the British Zone, the manager was apologetic. True, there was General Robertson's recent "fraternisation order;" true, my prospective guest ranked as a "prominent German"; yet, to entertain him in the Atlantic Grill Room a few hours' notice would be required.

So my friend took me to lunch at a good old *Weinstube,* reopened after the currency reform. It offered a revealing glimpse of the changed conditions. It was pathetic (and just a little revolting) to see those Hamburg burghers enjoying every minute of their long-missed pleasure of guzzling choice food. We had a meal of a quality not easily obtainable in England, its quantity would be quite illegal. Altogether—like most things in Germany—it seemed a little mad. It started with a liquid which I naturally took to be a cocktail, but it turned out to be vintage Sauterne. Hors d'oeuvre came after the soup. From then on, what with fish, entrée, various salads, dessert, coffee, liqueurs, etc., the menu followed a more orthodox course. The bill came to M.28, a sum which, at M.13 for the £, a senior C.C.G. officer with, say, £1,200 a year, could not afford as frequently as a well-paid German executive or a successful author and journalist (such as my host).

What about the lower income scales? With the exception of the lowest, everyone (in the West) still seems to profit from the new state of things. My drivers (M.50 a week) would complain that their wives can ill-afford the high price of vegetables (up to M.2.50 for a cauliflower), though in the old days, while certainly cheaper, they were often unobtainable. But in every anteroom I went through, the typist would proudly exhibit a brand-new leather bag acquired at M.30 or 35. With a monthly salary of M.300, even after M.60 tax deduction, she could now buy a good many household utensils—Woolworths were crammed with them at prices ranging from 10 Pfennigs for a pot-scourer to M.6.50 for a big bucket—and she might even consider an occasional egg at 6 Pfennigs, an English cigarette at 30 Pfennigs, or a pound of butter at M.10—Black Market goods which in the old days were 10 to 25 times as expensive and as ludicrously out of reach as almost all semi-luxuries and many necessities of life.

I remember a manicurist last year apologising for the awkward manner she clutched the nail-file; she explained that she could not afford the risk of breaking it as this would mean the loss of her livelihood. To replace the file would cost her many hundreds, certainly more than a month's earnings. She would have been in the same predicament on the day before the currency reform last June. A day later she could buy all the instruments of her craft for a few marks.

The nation's first reaction was an orgy of shopping soon curbed by lack of cash and rising prices. These are largely due to what German administrative leaders are wont to call "a deplorable lack of discipline on the part of the buying public." One should remember, though, that for the entire young generation—all those not old enough to have spent their own money in the pre-war years—this was their very first experience of buying anything but rationed goods. They had to learn the art of shopping and this tuition was accelerated by their own shortage of cash no less than by the wild fluctuation and still incredible variation of prices, even within the same town or district.

Industrial and administrative leaders will shrug their shoulders and tell you that prices just are not properly *ausgependelt* yet and, sure enough, the pendulum is swinging all the more erratically as the supply (once the masses of hoarded goods are exhausted) is unreliable, while the demand, though certainly still unsatiable, is strictly limited by the widespread pauperisation. This is due to the (unnecessarily brutal) unfairness of the currency reform as well as to the millions of refugees, many of whom did not even have enough of the old currency to change for the M.60 *Kopfgeld* everyone was entitled to. (But the last instalment of M.20 has yet to be paid.)

The pauperisation, of course, has mainly affected those who used to live on savings. Apart from old people, the people most severely hit by the currency reform are the students. I spoke to some of them in Hamburg, Frankfurt, and elsewhere. Their trouble is invariably the same: having financed their studies from their Army savings, they suddenly found themselves *vis-à-vis du rien.* Take the case of an undergraduate who had M.2,000 left to see him (on an extremely careful budget) through his remaining three terms; he would be reduced to just over M.200 (including his M.60 *Kopfgeld*), just enough to see him through the summer term. In Hamburg 90 per cent. of the students are in such a position. Or take the case of that diligent young undergraduate I met a year or two ago who had given up smoking to finance his studies. Even though the German cigarette fetched less than half the Black Market price of a Virginian, his own monthly ration of forty cigarettes, doubled by the donation of a kindly brother's ration, netted him between M.200 and 300, amply enough to provide for food, rent, college fees and pocket money. To-day his 80 German cigarettes are only worth a few Marks and he must be as destitute as most of his fellow-students. Many of them are being supported by loans from public funds, a pittance averaging M.60 a month, certainly below the minimum subsistence level and yet a grave additional burden for the taxpayer. This money is doled out on a sort of intellectual means test basis, each decision resting with the professors concerned. If they decide impartially and wisely, this "means test," however cruel in individual cases, may yet stop the danger of an "academic proletariat" growing up at the overcrowded universities. For there can be no doubt that (in the West only!) the rush to the universities was out of all reasonable proportion to what the nation can absorb in the professions and in the higher Civil Service.

A similarly healthy selective process may result from yet another victimisation by the currency reform. The overgrowth in the realm of entertainment and publishing is coming to a speedy and unglorious end. Gone are the days when people, for lack of anything else to spend their money on, would buy any book or periodical or go to any show that promised some escape from reality. Nowadays, with a variety of commodity goods and foodstuff competing for their scanty financial means, people will "shop" more carefully than ever, before buying a book or a seat at the theatre. I found it a remarkable change to see theatres half empty and plenty of books in the shop-windows. But I learned that in both respects high quality still commands a quick and ready sale.

Another beneficial effect of the currency reform is the fact that the trains are not nearly as overcrowded as they used to be. People now have neither the money nor the time to go up and down the country as they used to, either in search of food or to contact friends and relations among the refugees. As to them, while the majority are so old or young as to be entirely dependent on communal or private charity, even the wage-earners are mostly in a very bad way, particularly on the land.

Leaving Hanover for the nearby rural district it so happened that I could give a lift to two young women who wished to return to a small village somewhere on my route. Theirs was a pathetic and only too typical case. They had taken a day off in the futile quest of more adequate employment in town, and they were now returning to "their" village which, like their 1,500 fellow-refugees planted in that particular spot, they hated as fiercely as they were hated by the 3,000 native villagers. They had been there for three years with hardly a chance of being transplanted to more congenial surroundings; yet they made no attempt to take new roots and they still firmly believed that one day soon they would return to their native Bromberg (now Polish) and to their former secretarial jobs, so much preferable to being an ill-paid landworker with a hated Westphalian farmer.

The hatred of farmers and peasants is by no means restricted to their refugee help. Now that they, too, are hard up for the precious new D. Marks, there is not much sympathy lost for them among those who haven't forgotten the ransom they were held up to in the old days. I was gleefully told the story of a farmer who, wishing to sell an old customer a big food parcel, tried to break down the latter's "sales resistance" by the special inducement of throwing a camera and a silk coverlet into the bargain. True or not, there can be no doubt that many rural hoards of fur coats, cameras, rugs and jewellery are now finding their way back to well-paid city dwellers. Farmers find it hard to meet their wage-bill and to pay what they consider an excessive price for needs they can no longer satisfy by bartering.

But unskilled labour, too, is in a bad way through rising prices and growing unemployment. Even the vaunted Ruhr miners had a rude awakening from their short dream of privilege, since their special bonus Schnapps and cigars no longer command such exalted Black Market prices as they used to.

Industrialists (and C.D.U. leaders) airily speak about forthcoming credits and raw material to tide them over, "until the Marshall money begins to flow." Free Enterprise is their God and Mr. Hoffman their prophet.

Among the Socialists I found the best brains and characters deeply worried about the lack of planning and controls. When tackled about the unfairness of the currency reform and its consequences, the refugee problem and the still missing land reform, most of them will point to the forthcoming *Lastenausgleich*, and some seem to expect that it will cure all evils.

Meanwhile, the new money still talks in Western Germany. Already it talks with a somewhat croaked voice. The question is, will it lose its voice altogether? HEINRICH FRAENKEL

AMERICAN EDUCATION

(*By a Correspondent*)

SOMEWHERE off the coast of Haiti, the wireless operator, who "leaned over backwards" to understand Negroes, discovered that I was going to the U.S. to teach. He pitied me: only fools taught in America, and the number of these was decreasing annually. I learned that 35,000 teachers, almost 40 per cent., had left American public schools since 1940; that 70,000 teaching positions couldn't be filled, and that 6,000 schools would be closed in 1947 because there were no teachers.

Except in the large cities, teachers' salaries are quite inadequate, and even there the majority of teachers have to take holiday jobs in order to make ends meet. The national average for teachers' salaries is about 37 dollars a week—not very much when you consider that a cleaner on an 8-hour day earns 40 dollars a week, portal to portal, and that it costs a dollar for a haircut. At least 10,000 teachers earn about 12 dollars a week, and earn it in decrepit and insanitary buildings and under restrictive conditions of employment reminiscent of *Jane Eyre*.

Yet American teachers have to reach high standards of respectability. Women and sometimes men have to promise not to smoke or drink; women in many communities must not dance, "keep company," or sleep less than 8 hours nightly; they must wear the right clothes and must be entertained by the right people; they must not, of course, be foreigners (people with an un-American accent), residents of other States, married (if women), Jews, Negroes (in white schools), or members of unpopular religious and political parties, *i.e.* Communists.

I knew little about racial prejudice in the U.S.A. until a Jewish girl of seventeen returned to school after the vacation with a snub nose and a different name. It was rumoured that she had had an accident at basket-ball and that an operation had been necessary. Some of her fellow-students weren't convinced, and the stray, anti-Semitic references to her which came to my notice would have outdone the British League of Ex-Service Men. Such "accidents" are common among wealthy U.S. Jews. With a snub nose and an un-Jewish name, the student stands a chance of getting into college; and an un-Jewish face is admitted without question to those exclusive hotels which indicate that their clientele is "restricted"—Jews and Negroes keep out!

The school where I taught was considered dangerously liberal because 10–20 per cent. of the students were Jews. All the same, there were no Negroes, although the children, in discussions on racial discrimination, vociferously condemned the colour-bar. The situation in schools where there is a large Negro student body is not so happy: hostility on one side and suspicion on the other often lead to trouble. The war temporarily intensified this racial prejudice, but a reaction is beginning and one sign of it I saw at a Veterans' Association Meeting. The members were mostly White, but the president and treasurer were both Negroes.

American academic standards are lower than in our own schools. This may be due in part to the absence of a school certificate examination, so that nothing is "off the syllabus," and the student knows that with a modicum of effort he will graduate anyway. (There are almost no failures among school-leavers.) American schools, too, have been more adventurous than English State schools in trying out new methods. They are also more democratic, and they have paid the price of experimentation and democracy in lower standards of attainment.

Although the Americans have given plenty of attention to dull and backward children, they haven't succeeded in fitting them into the educational picture. Most schools run three courses—a College Course for those intending to go to university (about 14 per cent. of school-leavers), a General Course which is an easier College Course, and a Civics or Technical Course for the academic duds. A director of education of one community I visited confessed that the Civics Course was a not very adequate waiting-room where the educational misfits marked time until they graduated with a Civics Course Diploma.

If academic standards are lower than they are in England, the American child's awareness of the world which awaits him when he leaves school is much keener than that of an English school-child. I went on several visits to factories with a group of 13-year-old children. They worried our guide with questions: "How much do the workers have to pay for your social benefits?" "How many strikes have you had?" "Why is it that you have Negroes working only in the foundry?" Heated classroom discussions took place later on this form of discrimination. In one New York school, part of the senior course consists of social assignments outside school. Two girl students told me that they were running a library in the slums of Haarlem.

One subject of classroom discussion set by a weekly current affairs paper for schools was: "What is wrong with our schools?" This involved teachers' conditions and salaries—a subject which would horrify an English school-teacher. Undoubtedly a very different relationship exists between children and teachers in America from that in the majority of English schools, where talking still tends to be an offence and marching in twos the technique.

But there is a scepticism in American youth which has become almost a disease, a scepticism which, as a New York teacher writes, dismisses Father Damien and Joan of Arc as "apple sauce." It is the result of a materialistic interpretation of values, dating from the days of expanding industrial power in the 19th century. Now, as then, the little man who began life repairing engines in a back shed and ended by owning an enormous business is the ideal. Whole chapters in American school history books are devoted to this little hero, who makes his fortune through his own industry and American free enterprise. It is significant that I saw Kipling's "If" prominently displayed in three different schools and that I heard an American teacher give a talk on it as one of the great influences of his life.

Co-education is general in the U.S., but it gives rise to an anxiously chaperoned and over-stimulating relationship between boys and girls not found in English co-educational schools—a relationship which is both sophisticated and immature. During a school dance, when I remarked upon the frankly sexual attitude of the teen-agers, an American colleague replied: "Well, you were young once, weren't you?" All the same the light-hearted "let's-have-some-fun-together" spirit which I had known at similar dances in England was missing. Girls never went to school dances unless they were "dated," and the accumulation of "dates" was as important to a girl teen-ager as the accumulation of credits for graduation. I was told by more than one American teacher that sexual experience among senior students is far from being exceptional.

The films may be largely responsible. The school-girl weeklies, with their stories of youthful romance and their advertisements for cosmetics and other un-schoolgirl aids, help to give practical expression to the glamorous ideal. In comparison with the films, the American comics are innocuous.

Just before I left America, I was present at a community forum where the subject under discussion was: "What is wrong with American Education?" The educational editor of the *New York Times*—just returned from a six-month's survey of American schools—painted a grim picture of dilapidated buildings and underpaid teachers. The President of Hunter College prophesied that the formation of a strong Teachers' Union akin to the labour unions would be the only solution to the present problem. But I felt that the third speaker—a New York psychologist got closest to the problem, albeit unconsciously, when she made a passing reference to "the very great man who died recently"—Henry Ford I.

THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

THIS year's Festival opened in a roaring gale, which blew the wild name of Scotland in the face of the invaders and sent comfortable prima donnas scudding along Princes Street at twice their intended speed. But neither gale nor flood could interfere with a scheme so soundly planned, and within a week the baffled spirits of the North retreated to Tapiola, the wind dropped, the sun shone, and the polyglot crowd could at last hear themselves speak.

Compliment, praise, enthusiasm—that was the burden of their comment; and no wonder, for Edinburgh is now established as an international attraction of the same order as pre-war Salzburg or Munich, though with a flavour of its own. This is an astonishing achievement, when we consider the obstacles now encountered by any attempt to promote and diffuse pleasure; and the explanation is concealed somewhere among the lengthy list of the Festival Council in the brief words, "Artistic Direction: Rudolf Bing, Esq." Grateful as we are for the encouragement of the scheme by Edinburgh's own citizens and councillors, we ought to remember that, without Glyndebourne in general and Mr. Bing in particular, the Festival would never have existed, and might even now speedily decline; it is good news therefore that Mr. Bing's appointment has been renewed for a period of several years.

Not all problems have been solved, and the toughest are evidently those of catering. The Festival Club, excellent as far as it goes, is badly overcrowded, and it is difficult to get a meal elsewhere, either before or after the evening's entertainment, without incurring considerable expense, a queue, a jazz band, or all three; at least one Princes Street restaurant, with superb indifference, puts up the shutters at a quarter past six. In the field of art, however, we are positively spoilt for choice; there is a profusion of talent, an all-round variety of excellence which continually tempts us to neglect the grey beauty of the city itself. The pattern of 1947 has been followed, but with enlargements and additions which are almost all improvements. Glyndebourne's Mozart is regaining its pre-war level; the Sadler's Wells dancers have brought north eleven ballets instead of one; there are many important films (Italian and French as well as British), a collection of Rembrandt etchings, and a dazzling show of 71 Vuillards and 55 Bonnards, "all sun and joy" as Clive Bell exclaims in the catalogue: a more delectable side-dish to a musical feast could hardly be imagined. Last year there was a complaint that, amid so much imported talent, nothing spoke for Scotland herself; and this objection has been met, not by the inclusion of symphonic indigestibilities descriptive of Cape Wrath, but by a unique and extraordinary theatrical event.

When I learnt that Sir David Lindsay's sixteenth-century morality-satire, *The Three Estates*, was to be produced in (of all places) the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland, I expected little more than dim antiquarian junketings dished up with fanfares and posturings *à la mode*. It was a foolish assumption, majestically disproved by the event; for Tyrone Guthrie has taken this archaic text (unperformed since 1554) and treated it with such virtuosity, vigour and imagination that the result is something of a theatrical sensation. The work comes lustily to life: a stinging satire on individual and social corruption, containing much comic invention, and passages of rough eloquence and beauty which make a considerable effect even when the actual words are unintelligible to the Southern ear. This is a great and seemingly inevitable drawback: a few of the straight actors could be understood, but the comics were mostly impenetrable; yet there was never the smallest doubt about their powers: to name only one, Duncan Macrae (as Flatterie) showed himself a born natural comedian. The cunning blend of music with grouping and movement lent to many scenes, notably to the entrance of Dame Sensualitie, an unforgettable charm. In fact, *The Three Estates* has been the big surprise of the Festival and may well establish itself here like *Jedermann* at Salzburg—though, of course, the theme is less universal and less moving. Perhaps another year it might be run in alternation with *Doctor Faustus*, a work ideally suited to Mr. Guthrie's handling—and to his brilliant team, who were far superior to the lesser players in the Robinson Jeffers adaptation of *Medea*, with the single and notable exception of Cathleen Nesbitt's Nurse. As the Colchian sorceress, Eileen Herlie looks magnificent, and gives a fine, tempestuous performance, marred only by the fault (common to all our actresses at emotional moments) of prefacing each harrowing sentence with an ugly gasp of intaken breath. The play, sadly shorn of Euripidean poetry, retains its penetrating psychological power; Leslie Hurry has designed an outlandish house-front, with bulging pillars against a Piperesque sky, which adds to the horror, if not to the beauty. The theatre band sought to right the balance by playing Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* in the interval, an Olympic record for incongruity.

The name of Mozart reminds me that this is, among other things, a music festival, and that I have not yet mentioned the music. Of the excellent revivals of *Don Giovanni* and *Cosi fan tutte* I will write next week. In the concert hall, two orchestras have so far dominated the Festival: the Amsterdam and the Boyd Neel. Despite the difference in scale, these two bodies are linked by a common immunity from the hard-boiled professional casualness which infects so much British orchestral playing. Like the Dutchmen, Boyd Neel and his players are in the first place enthusiastic craftsmen, who care intensely for the virtues of balance, phrasing and style; they play with all their hearts, a full bow and a singing tone; indeed, they maintained so high a level throughout an arduous succession of morning concerts that the slighter works sounded almost as good as the masterpieces. England has got into the way of taking this ensemble for granted; at an international gathering like this, one soon learns how high its reputation stands all over Europe. The programmes were varied and enterprising, including some attractive eighteenth-century discoveries; conductor and players turned with ease from such trifles to the hair-raising difficulties of Bartók's *Music for Strings and Percussion*. The Concertgebouw concluded its five evenings at the Usher Hall with a wonderful concert under Eduard van Beinum, which was certainly my most satisfying experience of the kind since the war; the climax of this concert was another work by Bartók, his *Concerto for Orchestra*, a work which in twenty years' time will probably be a demonstration piece in the repertory of every first-ra orchestra and conductor in the world. The re of the finely planned programme (a Haydn Symphony and Debussy's *La Mer*) maintained similar standard; between such an evening as th and our regular week-end orgies in the Albe Hall there is a measureless gulf, which we canno begin to bridge until we build ourselves a satisfactory hall. Van Beinum alternated with Charle Münch, whose performances were followed wit passionate interest by the American contingen because this French conductor has lately bee nominated to succeed Koussevitzky at Bosto He has a fiery temperament which occasionall leads him into excessive encouragement of th brass, but in other respects his readings are without eccentricity: broad, strong and alway charged with vitality. He introduced tw novelties: Martinu's *Concerto Grosso*, a string o rowdy commonplaces, and Honegger's *Symphoni Lithurgique*, a deeply impressive work which ought to be quickly performed in London: a French counterpart of the new Vaughan Williams symphony, concerned like it is with war and peace and the thought of eternity.

It cannot be denied that the descent was stee from the Concertgebouw under Van Beinum and Münch to the Liverpool Philharmonic under Si Malcolm Sargent; nor was it eased by Artu Schnabel's performance of two Mozart concertos, which was in his less happy vein, containing some clumsy passage work and one exceptionally tasteless cadenza. Orchestral insecurity also spoilt the *B minor Mass*, from which, however, an ineffaceable memory remains of the great billows of tone produced by the Huddersfield Choir in the Sanctus. The arrival of Mr. Barbirolli and the Hallé did something, but not enough, to restore the credit of our orchestras; in rhythmic precision, in intonation, and above all in balance, even the famous Manchester band can no longer be classed with its great European and American rivals.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

WHAT a good writer Miss Jenifer Wayne is! It would be difficult to imagine a better programme of its kind than *A Week in Chalet-Land*, an examination, in terms of the dramatic feature, of holiday camps and their social implications. It made most recent examples of radio feature journalism appear by comparison crude and ham-handed. I do not think I have ever heard actuality recordings used with more brilliant effect than in this programme; together with the sheer ability of the writing they made one fee for a few horrifying minutes—horrifying to a shrinking introvert, but doubtless paradisal to the yes-saying extrovert—that one really was at a holiday camp being assailed by ho-di-ho's and chivvied ever so gently by loud-speakered instructions into mass-recreation in hygienic surroundings. It was a programme packed with factual information; we were given budgets of typical families attending holiday camps; we learnt that fifty per cent. of all holiday campers refuse to be chivvied and go their own ways. The manner in which Miss Wayne handled her material was especially impressive. The case for the holiday camp was most persuasively put through the experience of a working man and his wife—a daily nappy-washing service, nurseries for the children, an evening patrol to listen for crying babies: these alone are powerful arguments for organised holidays—and the principles by which the camp is run were stated reasonably enough by those responsible for its management. And it was surely brilliant of Miss Wayne to put the case against in the mouth of a particularly snooty young intellectual. But what gave the programme its solidity and its sincerity is the fact that Miss Wayne thinks always in terms of human beings; one feels always, listening to her features, that she kes people. And her characters, the working man nd his wife, the lonely Scots youth, the middle-aged idow, were flesh-and-blood, real men and women hose problems she understood. It was precisely is sympathy which made her implied criticism of e holiday camp as a social institution so effective. t would be fascinating to see what Miss Wayne made f an industrial programme. It would be fascinating, o, to see what kind of a novel or stage play she ould write, for she alone of our best radio-writers a product wholly of broadcasting.

Though *A Week in Chalet-Land* seems to me the est feature-programme we have had for a considerble time, it would be unfair not to mention two thers which helped to make up a very agreeable eek's broadcasting. Mr. R. D. Smith's *Regency righton* was a deftly gay trifle very well narrated y Mr. Douglas Seale as a gentleman's gentleman; was, perhaps, inevitable that the Prince Regent hould run away with the programme and so rather pset the balance. Mr. Ross Williamson's *The Siege f Colchester*, in the Third Programme, was a eightier affair, a most satisfying reconstruction of n episode of the Civil War surprisingly modern, e., unpleasant, in the use made of atrocity stories and psychological warfare."

L'Avare is one of Molière's prose comedies, which eans that it goes into English more satisfactorily han the verse-plays. Mr. Miles Malleson's version, roadcast in the Third Programme, was great fun. hould the comedy have been more savage, the production have had a more bitter edge? Put Molière nto English and almost inevitably you anglicise the haracters. But the effortless mastery of comic situaion, the unceasing invention, these were unchanged, nd as dazzling as ever. The acting throughout was f a very high standard, and one would especially ick out Mr. Malleson's own Harpagon and Mr. hilip Wade's Jacques, an admirable exercise in low omedy.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

A Foreign Affair," at the Carlton
All My Sons," at the New Gallery
Un Revenant," at the Academy

From one point of view there's nothing at all to e said for *A Foreign Affair*. This comedy of merican occupation is played out against the ruins f Berlin, which—as every filmgoer now knows—are s photogenic as they are horrifying. The camera preads out the horror, the characters gaily override t: this might be Carthage or a valley of the Incas for ny spark of compassion it engenders. We may feel hat the right must be earned to make fun in such circumstances, and that Hollywood has never even begun to earn it. "Conquer by vulgarity" might be its motto; the memory goes back to a Lubitsch comedy of flaming Warsaw, and to that elemental scene in silent days which showed us a girl and a man kissing, the Crucifixion in the background, and the sub-title, "He died, but Love goes on forever." Any person of normal sensibilities who had never before gone into a cinema would be profoundly shocked, I believe, by *A Foreign Affair;* as indeed might the enthusiastic filmgoer if he were to find here, not Berlin, but Hiroshima as the vista for sparkling romance. It is a question partly of what we are used to, partly also of automatically weighing the gain with the affront. The shock in this case isn't too severe, and the entertainment is unusually lively.

On the whole, too, it is dry entertainment, so that the worst clashes of sentiment never occur. Jauntily, on arrival in Berlin, a party of visitors is photographed and brass-banded on the airfield, packed into a charabanc, taken round the derelict sights to a caustic commentary. The bevy of colonels are funny, the rubberneck politicians are funny, the black market is funny, the wenching G.I.'s and the feasting Russians are funny, and funny also, up to a point, are the bargaining and heel-clicking Berliners and the staircases without bannisters. The adventures of a certain birthday cake, complete with candles and loving inscriptions from the New World, are very funny indeed. Miss Jean Arthur, by wearing spectacles, turns herself into a conventional figure of fun as a Congresswoman abroad, and there, in a night-club cellar called "Lorelei," is Miss Marlene Dietrich singing the same old kind of song that used to enslave the dilettantes of "The Blue Angel." But the limited success of *A Foreign Affair* is due chiefly to its pair of script-writers, Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, who have gone in with a gay disregard not only of taste but of accepted American virtues.

All My Sons is eminently respectable, and confronts a businessman, who has sent out defective cylinders for airplanes during the war and escaped prison, with the news (delayed three years or so) that his son committed suicide to avoid the disgrace. This shady part is played with a most endearing force by Mr. Edward G. Robinson, who has never made himself unlikeable in any role, and the small-town setting is admirably circumstantial. The stage play from which the film has been taken is obviously of that "well-made" kind which keeps all the characters closely interlocked and works out its tensions cleverly. One enjoys its effectiveness, without ever being very seriously moved. The defective cylinder in the author's stagecraft seems to be the father's energetic morality, which has sent airmen to their death and business partners to jail, all for the sake of the son who is to inherit the business. Not even Mr. Robinson, arguing eloquently, can quite put that over.

I should have enjoyed *Un Revenant* rather more if it had been written by Simenon and directed by someone other than M. Christian-Jacque. As it is, this near-Simenon tale of a man who returns after twenty years to rattle skeletons and revive an old love just fails to press home its excitement. However, it is accomplished with a good deal of humour, and considerably less blatancy than we have come to expect of Christian-Jacque. Jouvet gives one of his polished studies of oddity as the ghost from the past, and the film has an appealing background of Lyons and ballet.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

MACBRYDE AND COLQUHOUN

NEW works by these two painters dominate the summer exhibition at *The Lefevre*. MacBryde's portrait of a woman with a red hat, which has been bought by The Museum of Modern Art in New York, is in many ways an impressive painting. Although its scale is part of the achievement—to take so big a picture so far is not easy—the force of the impact it makes at twenty feet is not maintained as we draw closer. The first impression of a complex design powerfully sustained throughout the canvas begins to be replaced by the sense that the parts have been too systematically planned and executed. Bits which appeared at a distance to be statements of form now seem to be in essence little more than an ingenious patchwork. The very conscious attention to texture which MacBryde and Colquhoun bestow on such patches cannot, of itself, invigorate them. If a painted shape is flat in conception and drawing, an additional devotion to its exact quality *as a painted surface* does nothing to redeem it. Both these painters construct a woman or still life out of flat, and sometimes flapping, shapes which resemble the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle in that their edges are unpredictable: these facets or pieces tend not to be rectilinear, as in cubist painting. The cubist facets had a plastic derivation: they were "planes," and so they invariably evoked a solid form. The edges of cubist planes were always taut, consisting of straight lines and rigid arcs. Not so the flat pieces in a MacBryde or Colquhoun, which are both more, and less, naturalistic than cubism. They are more naturalistic in that a profile of the face, body or hands of a sitter will be drawn with a sort of flat similitude; and less naturalistic in that these "correct" fragments are then embedded in a surrounding of purely fanciful shapes. In Colquhoun these shapes are elaborated with all manner of arbitrary stripes and "textures": they suggest, especially in these latest works, here and at the *Redfern*, a

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certain desperation. In colour, in design and in their actual rendering the new Colquhouns are in no way equal to the MacBrydes. MacBryde is building steadily and calmly and, though many of the "pieces" in his design have still no spatial connotation, an increasing area in each composition does perform the double function of giving design at the surface and in depth. In the big picture that is going to New York it is the woman's body between the shoulders and hips that is least successful as form, making a sort of patterned vacancy between the majestically solid head and the hands on the table. Space circulates round both head and hands; and colour, especially the red in the hat and the livid purple of the shadow of the head on the wall close behind—colour really functions: it glows.

Patrick Heron

BALLET

The Grand Ballet de Monte Carlo has gone, but three productions of its last week deserve to be recorded, respectively for their beauty, eccentricity and fabulous execution. Balanchine's *Night Shadows* is not a perfect ballet; the divertissements at the masked ball are even a little tiresome. But it is memorable for two dance-sequences of rare beauty. The first is a romantic and exquisitely decorative pas-de-deux by the Poet and the Coquette—Skibine and Marjorie Tallchief; the second a long and very moving duet between the Poet and the Sleep-walker, Ethéry Pagava, who carrying a lighted candle advances unseeing on points across the stage, in an unchanging tempo, while the fascinated Poet follows or anticipates her, trying to ensnare her by tender stratagems, diverting her upon a new course by a touch of his hand, guiding, drawing or impelling. His absorbed and ardent evolutions in the cold unswerving path of the somnambulist form an emotional and rhythmic counterpoint which only Balanchine could have imagined and, in this company, only Pagava and Skibine have danced. The season has revealed Skibine as among the finest and most expressive of male dancers. Verlaine's *Colloque Sentimental*, with its contrasted moods of disillusion and sentiment, seems a promising inspiration for a ballet. But in Eglevsky's choreography the former has disappeared; Tristan and Isolde could not have clung more closely. The disillusion was absorbed in Dali's amusing backcloth, where numberless identical cyclists, carrying on their heads a stone or bundle from which a long veil hung, pedalled languidly over the plain. An open grand piano stood expectant of water-music, for its works were a pool filled continually from a fountain in the painted lid. One of the cyclists became detached from the backcloth and pedalled across the stage, and a bonfire of ivy leaves also got moving, propelled by a turtle. Verlaine's lover would have welcomed these diversions, but Eglevsky, his broad shoulders clad in a chiffon cape, remained sentimentally absorbed.

The pas-de-deux from *Casse-Noisette* restored the Hightower and Eglevsky we admire. Both were magnificent in technique, but Rosella's performance was of almost magical beauty.

Beryl de Zoete

THE THEATRE

"Eden End," at the Duchess

"Oscar Wilde" at the Bolton's

Mr. Priestley's families are all eminently recognisable. That is the great point about them and about his gift. He can create people so real that those who have shared his experience of middle-class life in a largish family can all vouch for the authenticity of his observation and his ear. People like this did talk just so, did behave in the family circle in just these ways; these are the sort of situations which did arise or at least might easily have arisen. His plays give us the illusion of meeting people we actually seem to know, actually seem to remember: middling, decent, muddled people who worry through to some sort of compromise solution to their personal problems. If Mr. Priestley does not always get the kind of praise that he deserves, that is a compliment to his talents, even if a back-handed one. What he attempts, he brings off so completely, with such a highly developed sense of his medium, so sure a touch all round that, greedily, we demand that he go deeper and sometimes forget to praise the accomplishment that is there in front of us. *Eden End*, for example, now revived at the Duchess, is in a different class from the ordinary current success.

One of the earliest of the family plays, some of its contrivances are cruder than Mr. Priestley would have made them nowadays: there are louder echoes of Chehov; some points (historical ironies, for instance, and one or two of the emotional intensities) are pressed too hard. But the spell certainly still works and, seeing it as it happens for the first time, I submitted from the very opening to its particular charm. I am not in a position to compare the performances here with the original production, but I should find it hard to believe that anyone could have been better than Miss Angela Baddeley in the part of the sister who, in 1912, suddenly revisits her home; she had left it seven years ago in high hopes and disappeared into the theatre jungle; and now returns concealing a comparative failure. Miss Baddeley brims with volatile restless life, and the quick changes of mood, the small lapses and swift recoveries, the sudden enthusiasms are pointed with the neatest and most finished phrasing. She simply packs her part out, but never at the expense of the others—a most memorable performance. Her family are stolid, by comparison, as they are meant to be: her father, a provincial G.P. (firmly planted by Mr. Nicholas Hannen) her stay-at-home, resentful sister (Jessica Spencer manages this very cleverly), a brother on leave from British West Africa, and old Sarah, the Yorkshire family servant, touchingly (but alas too often inaudibly) presented by Miss Dorothy Dewhurst. Of the two intruders, Mr. Gerald Anderson makes the inarticulate local squire credible and human, while Mr. Eric Berry gives a rich, fruity colour to the actor-husband, rather improbably summoned by the jealous stay-at-home.

Mr. Frank Pettingell is usually thought of now as a comedy actor, but as Oscar Wilde, in the biographical study by Leslie and Sewell Stokes, he displays the true touch of poignancy. Indeed, it is a performance that grows in brilliance the less brilliant he is called on to be. Certainly he has excellent moments in the first half, when Wilde is shown at the height of his powers and is scattering his brilliances like confetti. But he excels in the second half from the moment when Wilde is broken. He catches beautifully the looming, hollow shell of the man, with occasional flickers of the old fire rising, struggling and dying again. The authors have done the difficult reconstruction with considerable skill, though in the attempt to be complete they have perhaps squeezed in too much. On the other hand, the telescoping effect, particularly noticeable in the second act, may be rather cruelly exaggerated by the tiny stage. In the large supporting cast, one would like to have seen more style and dignity, above all more style; but Mr. Julian Somers, Mr. Edward Judd, Mr. John Probert and especially Mr. Anthony Nicholls, contributed effectively.

T. C. Worsley

THE PYTHONESS

I am that serpent-haunted cave
Whose navel breeds the fates of men.
All wisdom issues from a hole in the earth :
The gods form in my darkness, and dissolve
  again.
From my blind womb all kingdoms come,
And from my grave seven sleepers prophesy.
No babe unborn but wakens to my dream,
No lover but at last entombed in me shall lie.
I am that feared and longed-for burning place
Where man and phoenix are consumed away,
And from my low polluted bed arise
New sons, new suns, new skies.

Kathleen Raine

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Correspondence

OÙ SONT LES JEUX D'ANTAN?

Sir,—Your correspondent, Miss Irene T. Barclay, observes: "Anyone who watches children at play in the streets will notice how few of them are inventive or resourceful; how there are normally only two acting games—the wedding and the gangsters; how many kick or knock a ball about without knowing enough about any game to take it seriously or enjoy it properly."

The truth of this may be confirmed by anyone who will pause to watch a group of children at play. It is a matter often discussed by teachers and others who have dealings with children outside their homes; for it is contrary to what might reasonably be expected. Never before have there been so many clubs for youngsters as are in existence now. Recreational guidance and training are in the forefront of the activities of such clubs. In the modern school the physical training specialist is one of the key men on the staff. The old-fashioned drill lesson consisting of formal exercises is definitely "out." In its place has come the physical training period in which children are encouraged to develop their bodies through free and natural movement, and group activity and the playing of games predominate. At least once a week each class resorts to a park or some other open space for a long double period devoted to organised games. And the upshot of it all seems to be that when children are together at other times they do not know how to begin to play!

All this is very odd and in striking contrast to the children's world as it was in the years leading up to the Great War. Certainly there were then a number of Church Clubs, Bands of Hope and similar organisations; but the atmosphere in these was rather solemn and earnest, and there was relatively less emphasis upon the playing of games. Consequently their appeal was limited. At school the drill lesson was a formal affair and provided little inspiration or opportunity for spontaneity. Yet, in spite of all this there was (as any fellow Londoner approaching the half century will confirm), an astounding range and variety of games in the "repertory" of the average London child, and where two or three might be gathered together it would not be long, usually, before one of them was started. Let me name a few: "Hot Rice," "Release 6!," "Bamboozlem," "Egg-Cap," various forms of Marbles, "Overbacks," "Charlie Acker, One, Two, Three!," "Tip-Cat," "Five Stones." A minor diversion was French Cricket, while Single Wicket Cricket and Football (played with an old tennis ball), were played through to the bitter end by scratch teams selected by the established method of "clipping up." These games were learnt through a vigorous oral street tradition which seems to have died quietly and unnoticed during the Great War, for I have looked in vain for any significant trace of it lingering on in folk memory.

Now the dying out of self-organised play by children may be "just one of those things," and similar to the passing away of the old street cries. It may, however, be worth the attention of the social-psychologist, for, if it does not provide a complete key, it may give a clue or two for the solution of some of his problems. It is true that the volume of traffic on the roads to-day discourages play out of doors except in parks and recreation grounds; but the streets were not particularly safe even before 1914. It is true, also, that modern mass-produced entertainment represented by the cinema, the dog track and the big sports meeting does not develop much beyond a passive receptivity in the consumer. But these do not, I suggest, of themselves, provide a complete explanation. Possibly we might be well advised to examine carefully the old Tory contention that the development of social welfare work may exact a heavy cost in a loss of initiative and resourcefulness in the individual; for it may be that the refusal of children to organise their own play is the result of (and in some degree, an unconscious protest against), the organisation of their activities by others.

There is, however, one other line of inquiry which might well be pursued by one competent to do so: the tracing of a possible connection between the dying out of children's games and the disturbing increase in juvenile delinquency over the past twenty-five years. The young delinquent is not always a naturally bad type nor, invariably, one from an unsatisfactory home. More often he is just a bored, indifferent lad, uninterested in the normal life around him, and one whose general attitude to things is that "he couldn't care less." This has much in common with the attitude of the child who can't be bothered to enter upon any form of activity which calls for organisation and sustained interest. Is it not possible that the two social symptoms may both be rooted in some common ground?

Warwick Edwards

THE WROCLAW CONGRESS

Sir,—We, the undersigned members of the British group at the Wroclaw Congress, regret that we are unable to accept the resolution there passed as the whole truth. We deplore its over-simplification. The first duty of intellectuals is to be intelligent; and the duty of the Congress should have been to examine impartially the germs of a future war rather than to recapitulate the causes of the war which is finished. Two ways of life and of thought are in conflict throughout the world and it should be the task of intellectuals to resolve that conflict by peaceful means. We feel the implication of the resolution that one side alone is to blame to be a waste of a great opportunity. We believe that though we were in a minority at the Congress, we represent the majority of men and women throughout the world.

A. J. P. Taylor — Edward Crankshaw
Felix Topolski — Richard Hughes
A. G. Weidenfeld — Denis Saurat
Olaf Stapledon

Wroclaw, August 28th, 1948.

[This letter is referred to in Mr. Kingsley Martin's article "Hyenas and Other Reptiles."]

MALAYA

Sir,—Malaya's rice shortage is part of a world shortage due to war and the vast increase in Asia's population. Before the war Malaya produced rubber and tin and imported rice at a cheap rate from Burma and Siam to augment its own rice production. In this way Malaya was able to support a population which had grown from less than a million in 1870 to 2,673,000 in 1911 and to 5,511,000 in 1941. (The rubber land in Malaya is, incidentally, not suitable for rice-growing.) The fact that the war has greatly reduced the capacity of Burma and Siam to export rice, and that India and other countries, once rice exporters, are now rice importers, is in no way the responsibility of the present administration.

There is certainly considerable opposition to the new constitution and this comes from those Chinese who believe that the Federation does not give them a fair deal. I personally sympathise with this view, and I consider that our policy in abandoning the principle behind the Malayan Union has deprived us of the active support we might otherwise expect from the Chinese community. But opposition to the constitution does not mean adherence to the Communist Standard, though failure to remedy the grievance may strengthen the hands of the Communists.

Malaya is still over two-thirds jungle and swamp. To clean up a few thousand bandits in the hills needs a very large force of seasoned troops trained for jungle warfare. Although the Japanese were in occupation of Malaya for three and a half years they never succeeded in cleaning up the Chinese guerrillas in spite of several punitive expeditions. The guerrillas, warned by their spies, merely abandoned their camps as the Japanese advanced and retired farther into the limitless jungle. The difficulties of the present campaign are tremendous. The Malayan jungle has to be seen to be believed—the *Bertam* palm lacerates

CONTRAST

What infinite contrast there is in banking. In the city branch merchandise is turned into a column of figures in a passbook and in the country branch, where Cox's Pippins and Shorthorns are the subject of everyday conversation, such things are expressed similarly in debits and credits. Both are banking. Which is rather like passing abruptly from Elgar's "Cockaigne" to George Butterworth's "Shropshire Lad," from the paving stones of Lambeth to the lanes that lead to Ludlow.

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with its great thorns, creepers and lianas entangle one's path, and the swamps are beds of malaria. The ambush and the flight are the easiest of operations. A very large force is needed to comb an area of 30,000-odd square miles.

Mr. Gordon Stewart's figure of 20,000 for the number of troops under British Command in Malaya is derived from "the American press" (unspecified) so it has no authority. But with the present world situation and the trouble in Burma 20,000 would by no means be an excessive garrison for the country, quite apart from the extra forces and the police needed for dealing with the bandits. But the 20,000 are obviously not being used to "keep an unwilling people under foreign rule." The towns and villages are quiet; there are no strikes worth talking about. The present terrorism is by a faction which has no shadow of a claim to represent the 2,500,000 Malays and other Malaysians, the 2,600,000 Chinese, the 600,000 Indians, or the numerous other races of Malaya (total population (1947 census) 5,819,000—*not* "just over five millions" as Mr. Gordon Stewart states with characteristic inaccuracy).

Malaya's rubber and tin are essential to Britain's recovery. (Whether they are private or State-exploited is beside the point.) The object of the powers behind the terrorists is to paralyse Malaya's economy and to prevent any help from this source for the Labour Government's recovery plan.

VICTOR PURCELL
Ex-Director-General of Information, Malaya

INSIDE NEWS

SIR,—May a working editor add something to Tom Driberg's able summary of the relations between Government and newspapers?

Recently there has been a tendency for Ministries to convey decisions of public importance to private trade associations, so that only those inside an association are allowed to know what is happening.

For instance, the Ministry of Agriculture decided a few weeks ago to allow growers an important concession as to the crops they could grow under glass. The decision was conveyed privately to the National Farmers' Union and the N.F.U. conveyed it privately to its own members. Growers outside the N.F.U.—and they are the majority—were left in ignorance of their newly-won freedom.

Again on July 15th the Ministry of Food decided suddenly to reverse its policy on tomato imports. This vitally concerned English growers, but instead of issuing the usual Press notice, the Ministry slipped the information privately to the importers.

Of course there is "scope for scoops" in publishing, as a matter of public interest, the gist of these private communications. But how long will it be before one of us is tossed into jail for a breach of the Official Secrets Act?

What makes our task specially difficult is the system of rationing newsprint to trade and technical papers. The daily newspapers were allowed a few months in 1946 in which to adjust their circulations to post-war demands.

Trade and technical papers use only a small fraction of the newsprint used by dailies and much of it is from non-dollar sources. Demand has changed far more than in the daily paper sphere. Yet our ration is still tied to pre-war consumption. Some papers have newsprint to spare, others cannot possibly meet the demand for copies. A few months in which trade and technical papers are allowed to adjust their circulations would be an act of elementary justice costing some effort but almost nothing in dollars. It would also, in a small way, help towards freedom of the Press.

Does anybody in authority care about such things any more?

LEO CONDON

The Grower,
49 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1.

OIL ECONOMY

SIR,—Critic's remarks on lubricating oil economy surprise me. I thought it was common knowledge that lubricating oil does not "wear out" in the accepted sense, but can be used repeatedly after treatment.

Such treatment is out of the question for the owner-driver, but even here oil-changing every 2,000 miles is an unnecessary luxury. If the oil is kept clean, at least double this mileage can be run; and if one of the proprietary "treating" filters now on the market be fitted, the oil may be run until the second bogy—petrol contamination—becomes serious. It is impossible to give a general rule, as petrol contamination is difficult to judge, and varies from car to car, but 6,000 miles between changes should not be impossible.

In my own case, I have a large air filter on the carburettor, a smaller air filter on the crankcase vent/oil filler, and a "Fram" lubricating oil filter. Progressive tests showed that after 14,500 miles, petrol contamination had reached a stage justifying changing the oil, which was still "golden syrup" colour, not black. Since then, not wishing to take up time with tests, I have compromised by changing the oil at every ninth pint put in. As I do not cover less than 6,000 miles to the gallon of oil, I change at something around the 7,000-mile mark. (I use the amount of oil put in as the yardstick because oil consumption is a measure of the state of the engine.)

On my second car, which is so old that string, wire, and sticking plaster are a major part of its construction, the only time the oil has been changed over the last 50 months was when it was laid up on the occasion of the petrol cut. It had then done nearly 16,000 miles since the previous change. The oil was quite black and just beginning to show signs of deterioration due to gum formation. This engine had a standard filter, but was, due to its age, never called upon to give full power.

Finally, Critic must not blame the engine builders for not quoting maximum mileages; there are too many unknown factors, petrol contamination being the most serious. My own advice is to follow my own example—have ample filters fitted on all air entries, including the crankcase, a treating filter fitted to the lubricating oil system, and change the oil at every gallon put in. The overall cost of these modifications should not be more than £5.

MECHANICAL ENGINEER

THE COUNCIL HOUSE RENT

SIR,—Your correspondent is misinformed when he states that "the Government provides long-term loans at 2½ per cent." In a circular dated January 12th last the Ministry of Health informed all local authorities that the Treasury had directed that after January 3rd, loans for more than 15 years would be charged at the rate of 3 per cent.

This decision, of course, adds further weight to your correspondent's argument; this increase in the rate of interest will add about 2s. 4d. to the economic rent of the post-war houses.

ARTHUR H. J. CRICK

THE BAT'S SQUEAK

SIR,—I would be glad if you would publish the following correction to my letter as it appears in your issue of August 28th. The last phrase should read: ". . . if the fundamental were not interrupted then *no* audible sound would be produced." As it stands the last sentence is inconsistent, since I stated previously that it is the interruption of the fundamental which is indirectly responsible for the audible sound.

Harrow. HOWARD PURSEY

PATRIOTISM AND TOBACCO

SIR,—

The Martyr plays his harp of gold
While Nero fries in expiation,
Their ghostly brains seek to unfold
The meaning of the situation;
The simple Sphynx in vain may learn
New and unanswerable riddles;
A World with nothing left to burn
That cannot smoke while Moscow fiddles.

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COLLINS

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Journal of Eugene Delacroix* is neither tidy nor evasive, but it shuns, with quiet and persistent dignity, the shrill tones of self-pity, exhibitionism and neurotic emphasis. Less consistently introspective than Amiel or Hebbel, remarkably free from vanity, obviously indifferent to what posterity might think of him personally, the great painter of the Romantic Movement describes his thoughts and feelings with a sobriety that is only occasionally disturbed by irritable exaggeration.

Delacroix had a shrewd idea of what would appear interesting to him if he cared to re-read it in after years—as, in fact, he did. There are no Aunt Millies in this journal, no equivalent of the Petroleum Board, and remarkably few forgotten figures. Long lists of colours, yes; and these fascinate us, as would a washing list that had been, indisputably, Shakespeare's (a washing list is more revealing than a featureless name). On the other hand, there is no advantageous posing. Whatever he may have been as man and artist, as a writer Delacroix is neither clever nor profound. He was far too sincere to write up his diary with a view to impressing himself. His comments on his friends, on politics, contemporary novelists, and the vicissitudes of life, are immediately intelligent (sometimes supremely so), but they lack those sudden gleams of intellectual brilliance, which start from the pages of Jules Renard and Vigny and André Gide. Instead, we assist at the spectacle of a deeply sensitive man who trusted his judgment—however much it might alter—but not his heart. The result is an unfailing lucidity expressed in an even, gracious prose. There was nothing amateurish about Delacroix except his reactions to music.

In personal relationships, his natural warmth was interfered with by an uneasiness which he never mastered. Unlike Henry James, who managed to turn a passion for society into a professional asset, Delacroix continued throughout life to hover between the solitude demanded by his art and an irresistible hankering after people who wasted his time. Upon this insecure basis he founded his personality; it was a definite construction, and we can watch it going up in the pages of his journal. As a painter, and a French one, his care for form refused to be content with the rag-bag type of character so dear to the English. Delacroix's earliest and most discerning admirer, Baudelaire, noted that his life was not rich in outward incident: his struggles were with himself, and "one of the great preoccupations of his life was to conceal the violence of his nature and not to appear a man of genius." After this we are not surprised to hear him described as having much in common with Stendhal and Mérimée, though even more revealing, perhaps, is the comparison with that gentle naturalist, Victor Jacquemont, whose charm and distinction of nature reach us even to-day through his letters and the unanimous tributes of friends more worldly than himself. (Only the truly good compel admiring affection in hard-boiled, ambitious people.)

A constant, self-imposed control induces a certain melancholy in emotional natures, and Delacroix's journal bears witness to this particular form of strain. With his slight figure, large head, prognathous visage, and swarthy complexion ("*son teint de Péruvien ou de Malai*"—to quote Baudelaire once more), Delacroix charmed people as various as Dumas, Chopin, George Sand and Princesse Mathilde Bonaparte, by a mixture of suave attention and sudden, unexplained abruptness. The violence of his character had to come out somehow: it does so in the asperity with which he describes the tedium of social gatherings; in impatience with his own slowness at work; in the wildness of his judgments on music. Above all, it shows in the scenes of frenzy and bloodshed which he loved to paint and around which his imagination continually played. This taste was far from being merely a love of movement. In his many pictures of animals fighting, the masks of tigers and horses assume expressions of malevolence that are disconcertingly human. "The work of Delacroix forced the doors of drama, dragging in some of Rubens with it," writes André Malraux, in his vigorous fashion. We agree, but enter the caveat that Delacroix's genius absorbed two only of Rubens's traits: the huge scale of passionate colour, and the concentration on contour as a means of expressing the quiddity of natural forms. Otherwise, the difference between these two great painters is profound and rooted in opposed temperaments. Delacroix, with his ill-health and his habit of worrying, had none of Rubens's gaiety and high spirits. A capacity for intense enjoyment, such as the journal displays, does not imply a light-hearted attitude to life. In his art Delacroix's bravura has a sinister, unsmiling quality, and his imagination had always a touch of the morbid about it. Like Titian and Tintoretto, he wields his brush as a violinist his bow; but whereas the great Venetians regarded the world of their day with minds for which the Golden Legend was still true, Delacroix lived in an age which forced him to take as the subject-matter of his art a romanticised view of history. It was a makeshift which sufficed men of lesser genius—the historical painters of the Empire and the minor epic poets who swarmed throughout the century; but, although there is no evidence in the journal that Delacroix was aware of the anomaly, there is, in fact, an immense pathos in the persistence with which his imagination raked over the junk-shop of history and legend, in search of possible material. The results are magnificently dramatic, but inevitably they lack the *joie de vivre* which accompanies a deep conviction, whether it be that of a traditional belief or of some new spiritual discovery.

If we do not look for joy in the work of Delacroix, we shall find the emotional force of his nature translated into terms of colour—colour that glows luridly among the swirling, fuliginous shadows of a general conflagration. Such is his vision of experience: his men and women and animals live dangerously in a world that is always smouldering and often bursts into flame. The superbly inventive colour distracts us from what is happening to the persons depicted; the wonderful painting of the madmen's clothes, in the *Tasso in Prison*, makes us forget what Delacroix most wants us to feel, namely, the desolation of the poet's condition.

The tragic sense of life was with him from the start; the earlier journals (1822-4) are instinct with it. But for a painter—however intentionally romantic—this is not enough. By 1831 Delacroix had reached a nadir of depression and inertia, as a result of living continuously in his imagination alone. The importance of the Moroccan journey to his development is too obvious in his work ever to have escaped the notice of critics; but the results, in the tone and tempo of his journals, are quite as startling. The adagio of the introspective paragraph gives way to the staccato bustle of direct observation. Helter-skelter come the sentences—often minus verbs. The artist's eye flickers to right and left, snapshooting everything it sees. Page after manuscript page is illuminated with scribbled drawings. For the first time in his life Delacroix has given up his laborious search for the picturesque detail: the whole visible world has suddenly presented itself to him as equally worthy of the painter's attentive love. From now until the end of his life he observed and compared natural objects with a minuteness that, when we meet it in his journals, reminds us of the notes of Ruskin and Gerard Manley Hopkins.

The rapture did not last. Echoes of it grow fainter and fainter in the years that succeeded Delacroix's return from North Africa. Its influence never faded altogether, of course. The voluminous notes for a Dictionary of Painting are probably more interesting in their raw state than the finished work would have been, just as Delacroix's sketches exist in their own right, and not merely as suggestions for pictures. Together with the faculty of observation, Morocco and Algeria conferred on him the gift of inspired improvisation. Yet in the main he settled back into historical painting on the grand scale, with sorties into portraiture of astonishing brilliance. The journal is full of evidence that he projected far more pictures than he ever painted. (But what artist doesn't?) The wonderful sense of colour never failed; it earned him the title of father of modern painting among a generation of critics who abhorred the "literary" side of his art. The melancholy and sinister quality of his vision persisted, too. Delacroix had not been dead many years when the Impressionists rediscovered joy in the ecstasies of pure sensation.

After reading his journals we shall conclude, I think, that Delacroix was as happy as any highly conscious person ever is. Possibly, like most men (but no women), he was not much interested in happiness. Throughout life—it is evident—he pursued, and in the end achieved, an equilibrium in which his visual imagination was left undisturbed by extraneous desires. At the same time he remained too intelligent to fall a victim to the spurious wisdom of successful old age. "Taste is the maturity of the mind," he wrote six years before his death. No doubt; but with Delacroix taste remained a most uncertain quantity. One of the delights of this absorbing book is the diarist's moody inconsequence, his readiness to admit changes of mind. This is but one of the signs of his immense vitality. Delacroix seems to have found it hard to decide what he really thought about his friends—except Chopin, of course, whom he adored to the end, with a touching lack of reservation. In what we may agree to call love he is even more elusive: the figure of Jenny Le Guillou appears as the solution of a time-wasting problem. Perhaps she was more: Delacroix is very good at hinting. . . . In any case he remains enigmatic on this point. We may, if we like, deduce something of his attitude to the sex in general from his abiding taste for the memoirs of Casanova.

In politics he was conservative, because he hated disorder. Yet time and again we find him girding at the dominant bourgeoisie for their inability to provide artists with inspiration. It was the refrain of Matthew Arnold, and indeed of any considerable French artist of the later nineteenth century, from Flaubert downwards.

Apart from painting, music was clearly Delacroix's chief passion, and his comments on the music he heard are always interesting, though they are often contradictory and sometimes quite beside the point, as when he condemns Schubert as a "dreamer," or remarks testily that the slow movement of the *Eroica* has "nothing beautiful or sublime at the beginning." No doubt the romantic in Delacroix demanded a pompous introduction. Such remarks are scarcely criticism. At the best, the virtue of the painter's *obiter dicta* on music lies chiefly in the light they throw on his fundamental æsthetic leanings. Mozart, Cimarosa, Chopin: these are seldom, if ever, allowed to be wrong; but Beethoven, Berlioz, Donizetti, Rossini, while they earn much praise, have to run the gauntlet of the diarist's wild irritability.

But if Delacroix blew hot and cold on most subjects, he had no doubts on one cardinal point:

> What is beautiful is beautiful, I don't care in what period it was done or for whom: as soon as there are two of us to admire Charlet and Géricault, you have the proof, in the first place, that they are admirable, and in the second, that they can find admirers. I shall admire what deserves it to the day of my death, and if I am the last of my race, I shall tell myself that after the night which is to follow me on the hemisphere that I inhabit, there will be a daybreak again somewhere, and that man, still having a heart and a mind, will get his enjoyment from those two things.

That is a fair specimen of Mr. Pach's translation, which is accurate enough but never achieves the subtle elegance of the original. This volume contains about half of the extant journal. On the whole, the abridgement is sensibly done, though to describe the omitted portions as "not worth reprinting" seems to me foolhardy. And was it really a good idea to run several entries into one, as Mr. Pach constantly does, without indicating changes of date? The illustrations are well chosen and adequately reproduced.

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* *The Journal of Delacroix.* Translated from the French by Walter Pach. *Secker & Warburg.* 35*s.*

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THREE FOREIGN DRAMATISTS

Caligula; Cross Purpose. Two Plays by ALBERT CAMUS. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Eagle Has Two Heads. By JEAN COCTEAU. Adapted by Ronald Duncan. *Vision Press.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Diary of a Scoundrel. Adapted by Rodney Ackland from a comedy by OSTROVSKY. *Sampson Low.* 6*s.*

Of the several modern writers whose inspiration derives directly from Kafka, M. Camus is the liveliest, the most original and the most important. That great gloomy vision of despair, with its insistence upon the universal prevalence of frustration and misunderstanding, which Kafka's work embodies, has been transposed and developed by M. Camus from the form of spiritual allegory to that of drama. It is vision which perceives the individual as a Sisyphus, toiling through an incessant rhythm of effort and relaxation, whose only hope of happiness lies in his power of accepting the absurd truth that existence consists of nothing but this imponderable monotony. Martha and Maria in *Cross Purpose* represent two different attitudes to a consciousness of "the absurd." Martha and her mother own an inn where they rob and murder chance travellers. Martha's brother, who left home in childhood, returns to revisit them with his wife Maria. Neither mother nor sister recognise him, and before he reveals himself Martha poisons him. When the two women meet for the first time, in a scene of intense hatred at the end of the play, it is a mark of M. Camus's skill as a dramatist and of the persuasive force of his ideas that, as one reads, one does become gradually conscious of Martha emerging as the real heroine of the drama: it is she who is without illusions, who has accepted her loneliness, and whom suffering has rooted in reality. Before finally leaving her sister-in-law alone she says that first she must "drive her to despair," meaning by this that she must prove to her that the disaster which has just occurred (however true it was that a dreadful mistake had precipitated it) is the nature of existence, "*c'est maintenant que nous sommes dans l'ordre*" ("it's now that we are in the normal order of things" is Mr. Gilbert's shot at this difficult, but crucial line).

Caligula, the earlier play is also constructed around this view of "*l'ordre.*" Here, however, the perception is not the conclusion of the drama, but its starting-point. After the sudden death of his sister Drusilla, to whom he was deeply attached, the young Emperor is mysteriously absent from the palace for three days. He returns determined, in the face of his sudden realisation of the significance of unhappiness and mortality, to achieve the impossible, to live by the light of an absolute logic. Henceforth, he is to rule believing that all actions are equivalent, and to rival the caprice of providence by being equally cruel. M. Camus cleverly portrays Caligula as a thoughtful, unhappy person rather than as a shrewd, embittered one. He is the "hero" of an unusual kind of comedy, in some respects like the didactic comedy of Shaw, in which all the normally accepted human values are annihilated. In the scene between Caligula and his friend Cherea, as in the one between the sisters-in-law, the two opposed views of life, the natural and the absurd, are stated in their clearest terms. It is an antithesis between a world in which one action is better than another and a world ruled by the impossible. As the death-roll of his subjects mounts and the conspiracy thickens around him, Caligula, consoled only by his scorn, commits outrage after outrage in a ruthless attempt to realise his ambition, to possess the moon.

To English eyes both *Caligula* and *Cross Purpose* will appear as distinctly "unpleasant plays." They are born from a philosophy Germanic in origin, subjective and irrational in its conclusions, which at the moment completely dominates the thought of those talented French writers, the disciples of Heidegger, whose work since the war has been so widely read and performed. It would, however, be a mistake to make an identification between the position of Martha or Caligula and that of M. Camus himself. He is a Frenchman, not a fanatic, and his plays are the result of an attempt to reconsider, in the light of contemporary experience, the essential question of whether life is, in fact, worth living. The stern optimism of his answer is one which must make a strong appeal to many people in modern Europe.

The contrast between these plays and *The Eagle Has Two Heads* is not merely formal, as between literary and realist drama, but fundamental, for M. Cocteau revives in his play a belief, the great romantic belief, in the reality of illusion. "The real tragedy of these princes that rise above their parts is that they are ideas rather than human beings." Here, the characters of Stanislas and the Queen are made to express both opposed and self-contradictory ideals, "A queen with anarchical leanings, an anarchist, royalist in spirit." The Queen, herself, vacillates between being a phantom and a woman. In his own fairytale fashion, M. Cocteau exploits the power of the theatre to reveal æsthetically the several different kinds of reality of which an individual's imaginative life may be composed. The Queen's relationship with the revolutionary poet is, throughout the play, continually being stated in different terms: in those of the past and the present, of imagination and fact, of politics and passion, and, above all, in those of literature and myth, of Hamlet and Gertrude, and, finally, of Tristan and Iseult. M. Cocteau resorts, at the end, to the romantic idea, in which nowadays he is almost the only major writer to discover any vitality, that a great passion can only endure through the mutual death of the lovers.

Mr. Ronald Duncan must be praised for his sensitive adaptation of this play. His rendering, in English, of much of the original French prose, as verse, has on the whole justified itself. There are exceptions, however: "O my beloved, What is love?", and Stanislas's reply, strike an embarrassingly jarring note near the end of the last act.

Of the resemblance which *The Diary of a Scoundrel* bears to the original play by Ostrovsky from which it has been adapted by Mr. Rodney Ackland I am unqualified to judge, but as a farcical comedy, an exposure of the hypocrisy and superstition rife among a group of people in nineteenth-century Moscow by a hero who is himself a master hypocrite, it is admirable and seems eminently suitable for production.

ANTHONY CURTIS

EARLY INDIA

Early Indian Civilisations. By ERNEST MACKAY. *Luzac.* 15*s.*

This beautifully illustrated book is indispensable to everyone interested in India, whether it be her arts, her religion, or her social life that chiefly concern him. The monumental terms in which Sir John Marshall and Dr. Mackay first described their excavations at Hazappa and Mohenjo-Daro are for specialists and university libraries. This book is for the general reader and especially for the Indian reader. It has been enlarged and revised by Dr. Mackay's widow, who shared all his pioneering work in the Indus Valley. The new material, which is important and not otherwise accessible, describes the more recent diggings at other sites, which have helped archaeologists to date the Indus culture with greater precision and to form some idea of its geographical distribution. These excavations have revolutionised all our ideas about Indian history, much as the discoveries of Sir Arthu Evans in Crete transformed the hitherto accepte notions about the origins of Greek civilisation The Aryans, who began to invade India roun about 1500 B.C., were sturdy, illiterate barbarians whose only claim to culture was the possessio of a marvellous language—a proof, doubtless of their intellectual capacity. They found in the lands they conquered an elaborate urban civilisation, with its script, its exquisite arts and crafts and its links by seaborne trade with th other river-cultures of the ancient world. Ho this Dravidian civilisation absorbed the invaders, while in the North and Centre it adopted their language, a few daring scholars had begun to guess before Dr. Mackay's spade brought its ample confirmation. We have now to realise that, apart from language, the Aryan element in modern Indian culture cannot be as influential as the Dravidian, to which belonged the worship of Siva, who figures on the seals of the Indus Valley, and the whole round of social and ritual observances that centre in the idea of caste. For this necessary reconstruction of history Dr. and Mrs. Mackay have given us in this readable little book all the necessary materials.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

NEWS FROM NOWHERE

Story of the Arab Legion. By JOHN BAGOT GLUBB. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 25*s.*

Ever since the tortuous intrigues leading up to the Arab revolt of 1916, Englishmen have played a most unorthodox role in Arab affairs. There is a legend—which has a substantial basis in fact—that in the early 'twenties rival loyalties grew so fierce that the War Office and the Foreign Office used each to issue a daily war communiqué, while the political officers on the spot pitted their favoured princelings against each other. Though small in number, those Englishmen, who have fallen in love with the desert while remaining in British Government service, have had a decisive effect on history. For such varied types as T. E. Lawrence, Gilbert Clayton, Philby, and Glubb Pasha the problem of the double loyalty must have been a constant preoccupation. Lawrence broke his connections with the Middle East when the conflict became unbearable. Philby, unable to reconcile British policy with his devotion to Ibn Saud, "went Arab" and is now a member of the King's council at Riad. Glubb was still in Government service when he wrote the introduction to his *Story of the Arab Legion* in 1947. In his own words he was "debarred from the discussion of political and controversial subjects," though this does not prevent him from expressing his passionate anti-Zionism throughout the book. But since then apparently the problem of double loyalty has in his case also been resolved by resignation from Government service.

What is it that kindles the Englishman's love of the Arabs? Nothing similar developed during the British rule in India or indeed in any other part of the Empire. The Anglo-Arab is a race apart and feels himself almost a member of a lost tribe. When chance first sets him down in a Bedouin encampment, the desert is revealed to him as the Zion for which he has always been looking. This is not merely the infatuation for the cause of a small people in distress which used to inspire British radicals, to condemn patriotism as a jingo vulgarity and yet to champion Boers, Southern Irishmen and Hindus with chauvinistic fervour. Generally speaking—Philby is an exception—the Anglo-Arab is not a Liberal or a Socialist and his feelings for the desert resemble far more closely those which an Alpinist feels for the high mountains. Here and here alone he rediscovers a real self which has been suppressed within the confines of Western industrial civilisation. His conversion is essentially religious. Absorbing the whole personality, it releases not merely an Elizabethan gusto in exploration and personal policy-making, but unsuspected poetic talents. The literature of the Anglo-Arabs is very remarkable; and if Glubb

Pasha's story cannot rival Doughty or even Freya Stark in its beauty of style, it has a directness of narrative and an evocative charm which makes it vastly superior to the average soldier's reminiscences. "The man is in the book"—and that after all is the beginning of good writing.

Glubb was commissioned in 1915; and after nearly three years in France and Belgium, during which he was seriously wounded, he decided to stay on in the Army. In 1920, bored and frustrated, he volunteered to serve in Iraq during the Arab Revolt. In the Spring of 1921 he experienced his conversion on the banks of the Euphrates, as he watched a Bedouin tribe cross the pontoon bridge which he was guarding. For two years he immersed himself in Arabic philology and history and then in 1924 spent his leave riding by camel across the desert to Transjordan. In 1926 he became an Iraqi civil servant, and in 1930 re-entered Government service as a British officer attached to the Arab Legion with the special task of suppressing tribal raiding.

The most fascinating chapters of his book describe how he accomplished this. He boldly told the Royal Air Force and the Army to go home, and with a few score Arab volunteers set out to play the Bedouin game against the Bedouins. Within a few years he had pacified the frontiers of Transjordan, re-established cordial relations with Saudi Arabia, and transformed the Arab Legion into an instrument of benevolent paternalism and popular education. When war came in 1939, Transjordan was the only Arab State to fight on our side, first against Rashid Ali in Iraq and then against the Vichy troops in Syria. Though the legionaries numbered only 250 all told in the first, and 350 in the second campaign, and were never tested under the conditions of modern warfare, they proved that, under gifted leadership, Arabs could become disciplined soldiers. During the rest of the war a greatly enlarged Arab Legion played an important role in policing the Middle East. The Legion and the Haganah were the only two forces in the whole area capable of serious warfare and willing to fight on our side. But despite incessant efforts Glubb was even more unsuccessful than the Jews in obtaining leave for his Army to take part in the European campaign.

Such are the bare outlines of *Story of the Arab Legion*. But its importance lies less in the events which it chronicles than in the picture it gives of an Anglo-Arab at work in ideal surroundings. Glubb is convinced that the Arabs are an "Imperial people." Though he emphasises in his introduction that the Bedouin to-day is not politically important and that the town dwellers and peasants form the overwhelming majority of the Arab people, he shows little interest in this majority. Even in the case of Transjordan, to which he has given eighteen years of his life, he devotes only a few pages of a long book to the village and the town. For him the Bedouin is the "pure" Arab and his main preoccupation is to save him from degeneration by attaching him to the soil without destroying his martial virtues.

Of these virtues—and of their equal and opposite vices—he writes with a most valuable candour. He recognises the "everyday venality" of the Bedouin and contrasts it with his ability to rise to a rare occasion. He describes objectively both the horrible slaughter of the wounded after a normal tribal raid and the noble tradition that a sheik must give sanctuary even to his mortal enemy, if that enemy has managed to take refuge in his tent. His whole life has been a struggle against the fecklessness and undisciplined individualism of desert life, and it has led him to the conclusion that the medieval Arab tradition of chivalry can be shaped anew to suit the modern world. The success of the Arab Legion as a modern mechanised force shows, in his view, the possibility of recreating a martial Arab Empire friendly to Britain.

Glubb's vision has deeply influenced British policy in the Middle East. But are his indubitable achievements in the peculiar conditions of a British puppet state capable of repetition elsewhere? The Arab Legion could not exist for a month without British subsidy and British officers. In 1941 Glubb himself saw something of the most unmartial qualities of the Iraqi soldiers against whom he fought. It is the "impure" Arabs of the towns who dominate the Arab League; and this no doubt is why five well-equipped Arab armies have made such a pitiable showing against the Jews in Palestine. An Arab League, endowed with the virtues of the Bedouin, is just a desert mirage.

Reading the story of the Arab Legion, one sees clearly enough the danger of permitting our Middle Eastern policy to be made by Anglo-Arabs. It is rather as though our Swiss relations were in the hands of the Alpine Club and based on the assumption that the Matterhorn and the Zermatt guides were the focal point of Swiss life. The Arab world with which we have to deal is Levantine, not Bedouin; and its hope of salvation lies not in an attempt to restore an age of Moslem chivalry but in that agricultural and industrial revolution without which the fellah can never escape from slavery to a parched and eroded soil. If Glubb had ever contemplated Jewish Palestine from the point of view of the fellah instead of that of Bedouin tribesmen, he might have found a point of reconciliation. But his passion is not for the Arabs as a people but for the desert "homeland," and for the Elizabethan values which it preserved until the coming of the motor car and the aeroplane. So like William Morris, he brings us "news from nowhere"—boyish, romantic, genuinely idealistic, but tragically irrelevant either to Anglo-Arab relations or to the emancipation of the Arab peoples.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

EASTERN UNION

Russian Economic Policy in Eastern Europe. By T. E. M. McKITTERICK. *Fabian International Bureau.* 2s.

The trouble with some of Russia's pre-war statistics was that they were too true to be credible. For who but an innocent could trust, as one example, her claims about gigantic new industries beyond the Urals? The bigger the truth, the rarer belief. There is no machine that Russian inefficiency can't overcome, we were assured by the correspondents with a debunking wink. Intelligence Officers had no difficulty in confirming to their superiors that "under the impact of war, the dry rot in Russia's industry"—and so on.

Mr. McKitterick was for some years an Intelligence Officer in the Middle East and the Balkans. With that training, he might have been expected to fit his analysis of Russian economic policy into the preconceptions of political warfare. Instead, he has dealt with the growth and purposes of Russia's New Order in Eastern Europe, as objectively as anyone concerned with peace could wish. Mr. McKitterick, himself, doesn't use the term "New Order." He would no doubt repudiate it, together with any other comparisons between Russia's trade relations with her satellites and Germany's with her vassals.

The Nazi principle, he makes it clear, was to suck the marrow from the peripheral countries into the German maw. The Russian policy is to make Eastern Europe an integrated economic area with division of labour, guaranteed, stable markets and an end of wasteful competition. This sounds familiar. Is it Mr. Boothby? Is it Mr. McKay? No, it is Mr. McKitterick; and he's talking about the reverse side of the Western

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Union coin, which is Eastern Union. His detailed description of Russia's trade treaties with her neighbours shows how much more quickly Russia engraved her image on the Eastern Order than did any of the Great Powers on the West. Russia, it is true, was a conqueror in Hungary and Rumania. But in the dilemma of making her defeated enemies pay or collaborate, she decided very soon on the form of "If-you're-good-boys" friendship which the Western Powers now offer Italy. Mr. McKitterick makes no mention of Russia's military treaties with her associates, though a concerted Eastern strategy is almost certainly a secret counterpart of her open economic arrangements. But it would be dangerous for the West to imagine that the economic system, built up steadily during the last three years by Russia and the countries of Eastern Europe, has no reality, merely because Russia alleges that it has, or because Western Union has barely advanced beyond its rapidly accomplished military stage. As Mr. McKitterick shows in the second half of his pamphlet, Russia's objection to the Marshall Plan was not to its material benefits, but to the disruption that it would cause to the planned policies of Russia and her adherents, by introducing the qualifying factor of America's commercial and financial interests. Russia objects to Western Union as a military alliance. But paradoxically enough, it is Eastern Union under Russian patronage which proves, in principle, that Western Union under American patronage is economically feasible.

By assembling the facts and interpreting Russian aims Mr. McKitterick has brought the distorted European picture into better focus. He hasn't tried to justify the malice and bitterness with which the Russians have attacked the motives of those who have been attempting the planned reconstruction of the West. What is clear from his excellent account is that inside partitioned Europe a Communist-planned and (despite Yugoslavia) a *gleichgeschaltet* economy, scarcely achieved on this side of the wall, has come into being. It is a warning that, unless those who believe in Western Union hasten the job of economic planning by consent, Eastern Union will offer the only example in Europe of successfully co-ordinated national economies. MAURICE EDELMAN

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RACINE

A New View of the Plays of Racine. By VERA ORGEL. *Macmillan.* 16*s*.

The mistakes made by foreigners about English literature are often salutary. They are a lesson and a warning. They make those of us who write about other literatures ask ourselves not simply whether our work can have an absolute validity, but whether we may not after all be spreading errors among our own countrymen.

The larger issue must be left to the verdict of the countries concerned; but it seems to me that the Englishman who specialises in French literature can claim a special function. He is a bridge between two different cultures, and if he studies his authorities with proper humility there is no reason why he should encourage erroneous interpretations. For the man who projects himself into another tradition is often in a better position than the native critic to appreciate its particular difficulties for the rest of the world and to help to overcome them. This applies with special force to Racine. His versification, his abstractions and his "conventional" vocabulary are still a stumbling block to Englishmen who have been brought up on Shakespeare. These difficulties naturally do not exist for French critics, and their books are not necessarily the best introduction for foreigners. For this reason I should always feel inclined to tell an Englishman, who was reading Racine for the first time, to begin with Lytton Strachey's two brief essays and then go on to French works like Lemaître's *Jean Racine* and M. Pierre Brisson's *Les Deux Visages de Racine*.

It would be pleasant to be able to couple Miss Orgel's name with Strachey's, but though her book has a utilitarian value for students, it does not offer help where it is most needed. She insists in her Introduction that Racine is primarily a dramatist and that his poetry and his psychology cannot be considered apart from the purpose for which he used them; but when she adds:

> It is this method of dismembering which is responsible for most of the misapprehensions about Racine now firmly rooted in many minds. The poetry of Racine survives every treatment, but its appeal is invariably greater when left in its context.

I suspect that an anxiety to appear unacademic, which is common among academics, leads her astray. No doubt scholarly books, which devote a chapter to a dramatist's psychology and another to his poetry, have led to the sort of misinterpretation of which Miss Orgel complains; but the rigid application of her own principles must surely lead to the disappearance of literary criticism altogether. A poetic drama is a highly complex experience. We cannot grasp it at a single hearing or a single reading; but the more we brood over it and analyse it in the study, the more fully we shall appreciate its subleties on the stage. I think that if Miss Orgel had even glanced at Péguy's illuminating discussion of Racine's use of the word *cruel* in his book on Victor Hugo, she might have revised her opinion and written a much better book.

As it is, her approach reminds me of a conducted tour of an exhibition in which all the exhibits are carefully labelled: "Do Not Touch." She has a thorough knowledge of Racine's work, and guides us painstakingly through all the plays, but she is continually throwing away her opportunities. There is far too much description of action, character and motive, and far too little critical comment. When she comes to one of the great speeches she begins to analyse it, suddenly recalls her principles, murmurs that the speech is "an organic whole," and hurries us on to the next scene. She quotes the whole of Phèdre's celebrated *aveu* beginning:

Oui, Prince, je languis, je brûle pour Thésée,

which is a perfect opportunity for exegesis, and fobs us off with the trite observation that "the mature Phèdre is attracted by the blushing youth of Hippolyte."

Miss Orgel boldly describes her book as a "new view" of Racine's plays, but it is not easy to discover on what her claim to novelty is based. Few competent judges would deny that there is "a common element" in Racine's "conception of the tragic," but most of them would probably be surprised to learn that it had been overlooked or "obscured." It is perfectly true that "all Racine's characters are victims of fate" and that "they are condemned to be themselves"; but it is not new. The truth is that it is practically impossible to present a new view of a writer without the sort of comparison and analysis which Miss Orgel's method precludes. One would also have expected some discussion of "old views" of Racine in an undertaking of this kind, but there is none. A book on Racine in English which refers directly only to one work by a French critic—it is Bremond's not very important *Racine et Valéry*—must in any case be regarded as something of a portent.

For the rest, Miss Orgel throws out stimulat-

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ng comments from time to time, but does not evelop them nearly as fully as she should have ne. Some of her estimates of individual plays ppear questionable. I think that she does less han justice to *Andromaque*, and rates *Bérénice* oo highly. She is very insistent that *Athalie* is either more nor less religious than Racine's arlier plays, but the reasons she gives for this ather revolutionary view are sketchy and unonvincing. It is difficult to avoid the suspicion hat she has minimised the religious element in rder to make it fit in better with her general heory of the basic similarity of all Racine's lays.

MARTIN TURNELL

NEW NOVELS

he **Gallery.** By JOHN HORNE BURNS. *Secker and Warburg.* 12s. 6d.

mily. By JAMES HANLEY. *Nicholson and Watson.* 8s. 6d.

he **Ides of Summer.** By MARC BRANDEL. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 9s.

The gallery of Mr. Burns's novel is the Galeria Umberto Primo at Naples. In August, 1944, e tells us, it was "the unofficial heart of Naples. . ., In the Galleria Umberto you could walk from ortrait to portrait, thinking to yourself during our promenade." That is essentially what Mr. urns does in his novel. It consists of portraits f nine men and women, American and Italian, et in the gallery, and of eight promenades in hich Mr. Burns remembers the Mediterranean ities, Casablanca, Algiers, Fedhala, and so on, t which the American Army had put him down n his way to Italy. The result is certainly a ost remarkable picture of Naples during the Allied occupation, but the book is a sandwich ather than a unity; first, a layer of personal recolection, then a sharp study of a character seen in he gallery. There is, then, no development; the ook resembles a collection of essays and short tories rather than a novel. Mr. Burns writes in he wholly American tradition of Whitman and Thomas Wolfe; he is, as it were, always in full pate and one is carried along, a cork on the surace, by his turbulent, colourful, breathless, briliant prose. One feels that he has submitted himelf to experience with the zestful abandon that haracterised Wolfe. The experience he has submitted to is Jamesian, that of the innocent Amerian abroad in evil Europe. Mr. Burns, however, reaches in his first book the point James did not arrive at until *The Ambassadors;* Italy represents for Mr. Burns, though not for all his characters, liberation, a freer, more civilising atmosphere than America's. So he writes, in his own person:

> I remember that this was the first time I'd come upon the European idea of being *sympathetic*, an idea which doesn't exist in the American language: It came to mean much to me—sympathique, simpatico—anything, as long as that sympathy existed. I thought it must mean that the emotions and the deepest feelings were involved, even though they were being bought and sold and bartered for in American money and PX rations.

For Mr. Burns's soldiers it manifests itself in the discovery of a new attitude towards sex:

> There's something very nice about Italian women, the pfc with spectacles said. No funny ideas about fur coats and higher income brackets and silk stockings, like American girls. And they don't feel they have to discuss books with you that they haven't read . . . not that women shouldn't be emancipated . . . to a certain degree, as companion to man and as his helpmate . . . But the Neapolitan women are so down to earth. First they cook you a spaghetti dinner . . . Then . . .

So the background of Mr. Burns's book—what indeed gives it its solidity and depth—is the sense of revelation, of the revelation of a mode of living existing in the sharpest contrast with, and by implication offering the sharpest criticism of, the American way of life. Of the characters described in the portraits some are aware of the criticism, others are not, but all who are American are affected by the contrast. The portraits themselves differ greatly in merit and profundity. Some—those of the American woman welfare worker and the middle-aged military censor—seemed to me merely smart, lacking in the sympathy with which Mr. Burns usually illuminates his characters; some are brilliant in the extreme, for instance that of Momma, the Italian woman who keeps the pansy bar frequented by the queers of all the Allied armies in Naples; at least one, "Queen Penicillin," describing the U.S. Army's forty-eight-hour cure for syphilis, is quite horrible in its realism. The most moving is that of the Italian girl Giulia, the one girl in Naples, it would seem, who kept her honour when all about her were losing theirs.

If only, one always sighs after reading a new novel by Mr. Hanley, he could sustain it at the level of its best moments. If only he could, there would be no finer novelist writing to-day. As it is, men of inferior talents write better novels. There is, in every novel he writes, one chapter in which one is ready to swear he shows genius, perhaps twenty pages that affect one like poetry, twenty pages of almost Dostoevskian intensity. So, in *Emily*, there are ten pages in which the heroine lives again her experiences while sheltering from an air raid with her children in a margarine warehouse; the room is in darkness, is full of sleeping men and women, the five tons of fat melt in the heat and flood the room like a yellow river. It is magnificently done; for sheer imaginative power in writing there is nothing to equal it in any of the other novels noticed here, distinguished though they are. But, by comparison, the rest of the novel is slight. Emily herself is a fine study of a working-class woman who has borne too much. But the situation at the heart of the book, a soldier's return from Burma to a makeshift home in lodgings, an idiot child and a wife whom he realises he no longer loves, is scarcely disengaged, because the soldier himself is not realised to anything like the same extent as Emily, or his experiences in the jungle anything like as fully as his wife's. Those ten pages apart, the novel is not much more than a painful anecdote.

Mr. Marc Brandel has written a most entertaining and unusual first novel, reminiscent at times of early Huxley, at times suggestive of a latter-day, surrealist *Bridge of San Luis Rey*. His central character, Cassius, is a musician who believes he is fated to know in advance, though dimly, of disasters that fall upon his friends, disasters, usually in the form of violent death, for which he feels responsible. Having tried to warn his friends of impending calamity, he shuts himself up in his room in New York in order, if possible, to forestall it. But in Mr. Brandel's ironic variation on the theme of predestination this does not prevent seven people spending a whole day—the fatal day—seeking him out and gradually converging on him. Mr. Brandel's characters are drawn from the bohemian life of New York and are comic characters akin to those we find, for instance, in the work of Mr. Anthony Powell, though Mr. Brandel does not share Mr. Powell's æsthetic disapproval of messy lives. For at least half the book most of the characters are engaged in looking for one another or in fleeing from one another through bar after bar in New York, in a steadily thickening atmosphere of cigarette-smoke, the fumes of alcohol and misapprehensions. Mr. Brandel's powers of invention are untiring and remarkable, and his wit is ceaseless. He has written an intellectual farce of real brilliance and suggesting a René Clair turned novelist and acclimatised in New York.

WALTER ALLEN

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No. 968

Set by Giles Romilly

Competitors will recall Sir Walter Raleigh's poem which begins:

> I wish I liked the human race,
> I wish I liked its silly face.

Six guineas are offered for an irascible outburst of the same length and in the same form, on any one of the following occasions: "First looking into Chapman's Homer"; "Standing on Westminster Bridge"; meeting "La Belle Dame sans Merci"; attending "The Grammarian's Funeral"; "Going down to the sea again." Entries by September 14th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 965

Set by Thomas Smallbones

"August for the people and their favourite islands." Competitors are invited to compose on this model a rhyming calendar of the months, one line to each month.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

Calendars are very commonly the lumber-rooms of stale beauty and of the old clothes of poetry. So my first canon was to deal harshly with these; but this eliminated only a few competitors. Next, the line quoted indicated that the verses should not be confined to natural history, but should describe human nature as well. This combed out a good many. Then the purely humorous went; and this left a largish batch who combined appropriateness with vivid and lively phrasing. I finally applied a metrical cliché test (not too strictly), and thinned them again. This left me with as runners-up, L. G. Udall, Hassall Pitman, Chauve-Souris, Ethel Laburn, Brian Brason and I. W. Macpherson. Of the winners none was sufficiently exceptional to be specially rewarded and I recommend that the six guineas be divided equally among the entries printed below.

January for the sinners and their good resolutions
February for the lovers and their ribboned effusions
March for the journalists and their Iron Curtain
April for the taxpayers and their annual burden
May for the workers and their May Day Demonstrations
June for the crooners and their sour lamentations
July for the boarders in their stuffy back rooms
August for the bathers and their scanty costumes
September for the vicars and their Harvest festivals
October for the actors in village theatricals
November for the huntsmen and their pursuit of foxes
December for the postmen and their Christmas boxes.

J. RAYMOND MAJER

January for Income Tax, ills, and Influenza;
February for Snowdrops, and the Blackbird's Cadenza.
March for winds and Wind-flowers, Sports and Paper-chases;
April for buds and birds, in their accustomed places;
May for frosts and fruit-blossoms, and eight-oared Races.
June for Courts and Cricket, Ices, Strawberries, Cream;
July for sun and thunder, short nights, sleep and dream.
August for the People, and their favourite Islands;
September for the Peers, Mountains, Moors and Highlands.
October for new books, Schools and Universities;
November for the Fall, and earth's adversities;
December for the Christmas Feast. And, done, my verse it is!

SILVIA TATHAM

January for the young, who delight in a new date,
February for the plumber and his legendary mate,
March for the pachyderms, who think the winds jolly,
April for all fools and their favourite folly,
May for the clout-caster, waiting for the off,
June for the bridegroom and his nervous cough,
July for the teachers and the closing of schools,
August for the landladies and their stern bedroom rules,
September for the earnest, resuming evening study,
October for the huntsmen and his sport so manly-bloody,
November for—well, for nobody in his senses,
December for the avuncular. Then the whole thing recommences.

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January brings reaction, resolution, bills,
February's trees show red buds on distant hills,
March blows hot and cold, the flirt who draws chills;

April is adorable, the gardens lift their head,
May swings fragrant censers and fills the garden-be
June bears down all with sunshine, dark and cold ha fled;

July's a blowsy termagant, just too young for pity,
August turns things upside-down, the country and city,
September is an ageing don, mellow, kind and witty

October shuts the windows, turns to fire's gleam,
November sulks and scolds, with fog and tempest scream,
December decks her gloom with Christmas hope a dream. . . .

D. H.

January for the debtors and their unreceipted bills,
February for the doctors, their potions and their pill
March for the gardeners and bright seed packets,
April for the tennis-players with new-strung rackets
May for young lovers in the arms of their adored,
June for the century-makers on the soft green sward
July for the vicars and garden-party bands,
August for the people on the salt sea sands.
September for the football fans and the pools they hope to win,
October for the farmers and harvest gathered in,
November for the Cabinet and more "much-neede measures,"
And December for the shoppers and children Christmas pleasures.

STANLEY FRENCH

January for juniors—pantomimes and parties;
February for stay-at-homes, invalids—and hearties;
March is for the heartier still, striding in the blasts
April for the angler, trying out his casts.
May is for lovers, and courting amid flowers;
June is for all that prize the long, light hours.
July is for the farmers, finishing the hay,
August for the family at their seaside play.
September is for sportsmen, walking roots or heather,
October for the footballer, and the netted leather.
November is for bookworms and buttered toast for tea,
December for the young again, and candles on the tree.

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Appointments Vacant

ene of the vacancies in these columns re- s to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or oman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless r she is excepted from the provision of the nol of Engagement Order, 1947, or the ncy is for employment excepted from the sion of that Order.

OVERNMENT of West Punjab (Pakistan). Applics. invited for post of Statistical Ad- r, to advise on all statistical questions, and ervise and control the Statistical Depart- t of the Government, with headquarters at ore. Qualifics.: Univ. degree in Statistics Mathematics or equiv., with wide exp. of anced Statistical work. Appointment on ract for 5 years, terminable on six months' ce by either side; age pref. not exceeding rs. Pay: Rs. 1,250-50-1,500 p.m. (£1,125 £1,350 p.a.) plus overseas pay of Rs. 300 (£270 p.a.) for appointee of non-Asiatic icile. Initial pay according to qualifics. lics. on forms to be obtained from High missioner for Pakistan, 14 Fitzhardinge W.1, should reach that address by Sept. 30.

HE Civil Service Commissioners invite ap- lics. for 4 pensionable posts of Research cer (£900-£1,220), 5 of Assistant Re- ch Officer (£650-£850), and 3 of Research istant (£330-£600) in the Board of Trade. rather lower for women and for posts ide London. For Research Officer candi- s must be at least 28, for Assistant Re- ch Officer, 26-39, for Research Assistant 9. They must have a University degree in nomics, Statistics, or a kindred subject at least Second-Class Honours or equiva- . Candidates for the posts of Research cer and Assistant Research Officer must have knowledge and research exp. distribution of population, trade and stry, communications and services, natural urces, etc. Full partics. and applic. forms Secretary, Civil Service Commission, lington Gdns. W.1, quoting No. 2267. ing date Sept. 16, for candidates in U.K. Oct. 7, 1948, for candidates overseas.

SYCHOLOGIST (non-medical) reqd. by he Prison Commission. Duties, under direc- of a Principal Medical Officer, would in- e application of individual tests to male ners, preparation of descriptive reports in ial cases, and some research and develop- t work. Salary £650-£750 according to lifics., which should include Associateship he British Psychological Society and exp. ocational guidance and personnel selection. ointment would be unestablished. Applic. ns from Establishment Officer, Prison Com- ion, Horseferry House, Dean Ryle St. don, S.W.1. To be returned by Oct. 16.

C.C. Education Officer's Department. Ap- lics. invited for position of Deputy Curator Horniman Museum, London Road, S.E.23. £550-£25-£700 a year. The exhibits at museum are ethnological and zoological there is also, in the care of a librarian, a rence and technical library of some 16,000 ks, and a reading room. Lectures to adults children are given. Evening and week- duty are sometimes reqd. Duties of the essful candidate will include supervision he zoological department incldg. a small rium, and applicants must therefore pos- appropriate qualifics. in biology, besides in museum work. Applic. forms (s.a. fools- env. necessary), from Education Officer ab./2), County Hall, London, S.E.1, to be rned by Sept. 30. Canvassing disqualifies.

EMEL Hempstead Development Corpora- tion. Administrative and Legal Dept. The e Corporation will shortly appoint a person rganise and maintain a centrally controlled ion having responsibility for filing and in- ing all current papers, and for arranging the orderly preservation of documents re- g to the growth of the New Town. Work for a person, pref. with Univ. training, exp. in registry or library work, and with ity to following with interest all branches Corporation's work. Salary will be on a £450/£25/£525, and post will be super- uable. Applics., stating age, qualifics. and , and giving names of 3 refs. to whom re- nce may be made, should be addressed to eral Manager (R), Hemel Hempstead De- pment Corporation, Westbrook Hay, Hemel npstead, Herts, to reach him by Sept. 13.

PPLICS. invited for post of Secretary of Educ. Dept., Institute for Scientific Treat- t of Delinquency. Applics. should have v. educ., pref. a degree in Psychology/ al Science Dipl. Good administrative and etarial exp. essential. Salary £400 p.a., y with recent testims. to General Sec., T.D., 8 Bourdon St. Davies St. W.1.

C. Applics. invited for post of Resident Assistant Mistress at Wanstead House Resi- ial School for Delicate Boys (younger pri- y age), Margate. Qualifics. in music, hand- and nature study desirable. Sal., Burn- Scale plus 2 increments carried beyond . Emoluments of board, lodging & wash- in consideration of supervisory and ex- ous duties outside school hrs. and at week- . Applic. forms (s.a.e. necessary), from cation Officer (T.S.5), County Hall, S.E.1, rnable by Sept. 18. Canvassing disquali- (1831.)

RAYLINGWELL Hospital, Chichester (For Nervous and Mental Disorders). Stu- Nurses reqd., aged 18 years and over. Pre- s exp. of Nursing is not necessary and lidates are trained for the Mental Nursing minations of the General Nursing Council. y is in accordance with Rushcliffe Scales, commences at £175 p.a. From this figure sum of £75 p.a. is deducted being the e for superan. purposes of emoluments isting of board, lodging and laundry. lics. to be sent to the Matron.

Appointments Vacant—continued

ASSISTANT Editor and Public Relations Officer. The British Waterworks Assoc. invites applics. from young men of suitable qualifics. for above appointment. Salary will be in accordance with exp. and qualifics. Applicants should have sound educ. and literary ability. Exp. in journalism and the technique of publicity desirable. Applics., stating age, educ., qualifics., exp., etc., to Secretary, 34 Park St. London, W.1, by Sept. 16, 1948.

L.C.C. Applics. invited for appointment as Warden (resident) of Cumberlow Lodge Approved School, Lancaster Road, South Norwood, S.E.25, a residential school approved by the Home Office for 40 girls aged 15-19 yrs. Warden is responsible for organising training of girls and helping in their placing in employment and after-care when they leave, as well as the general management of the school and supervision of staff. Appointment is not restricted to teachers. Sal. (subject to review in light of Burnham Report, 1948) Burnham (1945) Grade I head teacher's scale plus 3 addtl. increments (i.e., £330×£12—£496) and London allowance, with emoluments of board, furn. rooms and laundry. Successful candidate, if not a teacher, will be reqd. to contribute to Council's Superann. and Provident Fund. Applic. forms from Educ. Officer (T.S.10) County Hall, S.E.1 (s.a. foolscap env. necessary) must be returned by Sept. 18. (1850).

WESTMORLAND C.C. Applics. invited for joint appointment of Superintendent and Matron of Abbey Home for Children at Staveley, near Kendal. The Home accommodates about sixty children of both sexes from 5 to 16 yrs. of age. Applicants should have had exp. in, or possess suitable qualifics. for, the management of a Children's Home. Superintendent will be responsible for keeping the appropriate accounts. Salaries will be in accordance with Scales of Nat. Joint Council for Local Authorities' Admin., Prof., Technical and Clerical Services, namely, Superintendent £250×£15—£295 (emoluments £120), Matron £215×£15—£245 (emoluments £120); commencing sal. according to exp. and qualifics.; furn. quarters, board and laundry will be provided. Appointments terminable by 3 calendar mths.' notice on either side. Canvassing directly/indirect will disqualify. Applics., stating ages, qualifis., present and previous appointments with dates, and names of at least two refs., must reach me by Sept. 14, 1948.—H. B. Greenwood, Clerk to the Council, County Hall, Kendal.

NATIONAL Institute for the Blind reqs. educated woman (under fifty) as Assistant to Head of the Sunshine Home Nursery School for Blind Children, East Grinstead. Candidates must be interested in care of children in modern sense of the term. Work will include responsibility for catering, supervision of domestic staff, planning and upkeep of children's clothes, and candidates will have opportunity of taking a lively interest in the welfare of this group of handicapped children. Sal. £200 p.a. resident. Applic. forms from Secretary-General, National Institute for Blind, 224 Great Portland St. W.1.

CANADIAN Red Cross Memorial Hospital, Taplow, Maidenhead, Berks. Supervisor (resid. or non-resid.) wanted to manage small staff canteen and shop under direction of Welfare Officer. Staff of three; 48-hour week incl. some late duties. Previous catering exp. not essential but person appointed must have knowledge of business routine, keeping of simple accounts and be able to type. Exp. in pastry cooking an advantage. Light refreshments, newspapers, cosmetics, sweets, etc. Lunch and overalls provided. Salary £334 p.a. (non-resid.). Applics., with copies of two testims., to Assistant Secretary by Sept. 9.

HAMPSHIRE C.C. invite applics. for: Foster Mother, Bench View Infants' Home, Lyndhurst; salary £246 7s. 6d. (less a deduction of £59 19s. p.a. in respect of board, lodging, overalls and laundry. Applicants should have had exp. and pref. some training with children between ages of 3 and 5 years. Full partics. may be obtained from County Children's Office, 2 Clifton Terrace, Winchester.

DERBY Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited for the post of Organiser to develop Youth Service in S.W. Derbyshire. Duties may include informal adult educ., including community assoc. Sal. Burnham Assistant Teacher Scale with special responsibility allowance of £50 provided the successful candidate possesses teaching qualifics. or other qualifics. deemed by the Authority to be of equal value. Travelling expenses will be paid at the County Council's scale. Form of applic. and further partics. from Director of Education, County Youth Service, 25 St. Mary's Gate, Derby, to be returned by Sept. 18.

CLUB Leader, woman, with some exp., needed for the Frances Mary Buss House, a small residential settlement in the East End. Apply, stating qualifics. and giving references and testimonials to: Secy., Society of the F.M.B. House, North London Collegiate School, Canons, Edgware, Middx.

UNIT Leader reqd. immediately. Problem family and welfare work. Social service exp. and organising ability necessary. Caseworkers also reqd. Details from Stepney Pacifist Service Unit, 6/355 The Highway, E.1.

ASSISTANT Matron reqd. for modern home for blind people. Applications giving full particulars and stating salary required to Secretary, The Jewish Blind Society, 5 Stanhope Terrace, Bayswater, W.2.

SHORTHAND Typist reqd. by Institute of Personnel Management, 70 Old Broad St., E.C.2. (opp. Liverpool St. Stn.), 'phone Bishopsgate 5963. Work offers special interest to candidates intending to take Social Science Course and having time to fill in before Univ. entrance. Applics. to Secretary.

Appointments Vacant—continued

L.C.C. Nursery Schools. Superintendent Teachers. Applics. invited from fully qualified nursery school teachers for appointments as follow: 1. Rachel McMillan Nursery School, Deptford Church Street, S.E.8. The school has accom. for 120 children and is the demonstration school for the Rachel McMillan Training. Small unfurn. flat available at nominal rental. 2. Furzedown House Nursery School, Welham Rd. Streatham, S.W.17. School for 45 children, opening in August as demonstration school or Furzedown Training College, which conducts a course in nursery training. Candidates should be interested in progressive methods, willing to experiment, and to work in close association with respective Training Colleges. Burnham (London) Salary plus head teacher's allowance (at present Group I in each case). Forms T.S.10 (s.a. foolscap env. necessary) from Educ. Officer, County Hall, S.E.1, must be returned by Sept. 18, 1948. (1771).

WANTED, exp. Senior Master (English subjects), willing to deputise Headmistress, also exp. Junior teacher, pref. Froebel trained. Couple combining these activities most acceptable. Co-ed. Boarding School 80 miles from London. Box 353.

CLUB Leaders and Assistants (women) reqd. for Y.W.C.A. Centres serving all age groups. Training necessary. Salary from £270 for young assistants up to £420 non-resident. Hostel Wardens, Assistants and Cook Caterers. Previous exp. in institutional work desirable but not essential. Sal. from £120 for Assistants up to £250 resident for Wardens. Higher salaries for a few posts involving special responsibility. Apply by letter only: Personnel Sec., Y.W.C.A. Natl. Offices, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Women under 41 req. M. of L. permit.

REQUIRED by Important Jewish Communal Organisation: Organiser with initiative, energy and driving force. Permanent and excellent prospects for advancement to applicant with ability, qualifics. and keenness. State particulars of age, educ., qualifics., exp. and salary reqd. Box 1702.

LEADING London building contractors have two vacancies for articled pupils aged 16-17½. 3 or 4 years (accdg. to age) training in main aspects of builder's admin., inclg. costing, surveying and buying. Sal. increasing annually; staff canteen. Applicants shd. have good general educ. (public school prefd.). Write "A. H. S.," c/o Dixons, 43 Gt. Marlborough St. London, W.1.

THE Compass Players, non-profitmaking co-operative theatrical company, have vacancy for Tours Manager. Apply Secretary, The Warren, Aylburton, Lydney, Glos.

TO live a full life on W. Sussex farm with family, an active, companionable, youngish person is sought. Knowledge toddler children; country interests; horses; able drive advantageous. Two sons away, daughter 3. London 1½ hours (where flat). Interview either place. Box 5053.

FIRST-Class Secretary wanted. Must be good shorthand typist, able to speak and write English. Good salary. Resident or non-resident. Box 4980.

SENSIBLE, kindly woman wanted to take charge of girl aged 2. Good post if really fond of children. Birmingham. Box 4992.

COOK required end of September for Fircroft College, Bournville.

SECRETARIES, Bookkprs., S/Typs., C/Typs., Tels., Clerks, etc., promptly placed. No charge to staff. Exp. temp. shthnd. typs. and telephonists available. Fine's Agency, 95a, Praed St. W. PAD. 1123 (8 lines).

Appointments Wanted

WELFARE Officer, 26, German wife, seeks position, combined or otherwise. Organize, drive, type, home-crafts, German, prepared to travel. Box 3877.

EDUCATED Gentleman, German, French, Italian Shorthand Typist, seeks interesting occupation anywhere. Box 4836.

INDIAN girl wants interesting secretarial or executive post in internationally-minded business journal or organisation, England, Europe, or S. America. Box 4890.

YOUNG lady (19) reqs. interesting secretarial post, Sept. Well educated. London trained. Box 4893.

CAPABLE Sec., organising ability, detailed kndge. Byzantine, Balkan History, speaks Modern Greek, Fr., Engl., seeks work in this field. Foreign travel welcomed. Box 5110.

WANTED, work with children in London area. Man, 26, University educated. Interested art and educ. Some exp. Box 5278.

YNG. Man, 30, intelligent, healthy, now in exec. post seeks empt. in/conntd. agric., or other suit. empt. in country. Interview at own expense. Sal. not most import. consideration. Sec. educ. Box 4886.

INTELLIGENT elderly Lady, perfect secretary and saleswoman, wants responsible job, part/full time, either theatrical or film business, book- or music-publisher or photographic advertising. First-class refs. Box 4901.

COPY Typist, speaks and writes German, also Hungarian (German shorthand); seeks suitable position. Box 4939.

EXPERIENCED sub-editor, proof-reader, B.Sc. Geography (London), knowledge arts, theatre, seeks post in London. Free October. Box 4965.

B.Sc. (Econ.), statistics specialist, knowledge German, French, seeks suitable post. Box 4999.

YG. Lady Journalist, expd. all edit. work, inc. lay-out; fluent German; working knowledge French, sks. part or full-time emplmt. Box 5000.

WOMAN teacher, 29, linguist, 1st class hons. French, seeks fresh, intg., constructive work, Jan., London/abroad. Box 5082.

Appointments Wanted—continued

EX-READER to publisher, writer, Ph.D., German, Latin, wide general knowledge, former lecturer to P.o.W.s, seeks job as research worker, librarian, teacher, etc. Box 5004.

FRENCH-speaking Belg., 24, Univ. grad. (M.A. Classics); Eng., Span.; 10 months' exper. in Engl. as a French Master, sks acad./busin./journal. post in London, Box 5042.

EDUCATED Indian Lady seeks permanent appointment with English family, with or without children, as companion with light domestic duties. Box 5059.

MAN wants sound, well-paid job Exeter or hard by. Anything demanding no special training but requiring intelligence and integrity. Resident or not. Box 5120.

PART/wholetime position to teach Commercial Law and/or Economics and/or Spanish, sought by Solicitor (2nd place in final exam.) of considerable experience and first-class testimonials; also B.A. and L.L.B. Gold medallist in Oratory. Aged 36. Box 4987.

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TO LET: Double furn. divan rooms available, suitable girls sharing, just off Kensington Church St. Reasonable, no restrictions. Box 4546.

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UNFURN. s.c. flat, 3 or 4 rooms, kitchen & bath sought by established Civil Servant and adult daughter. Cartwright, 14 Tufnell Park Rd. N.7.

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